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CONTENTS

César Franck (Centenary)	W. Wright Roberts
How to Practise a String-Quartet	Egon F. Kornstein
The String-Quartet since Brahms	Eugene Goossens
Rule and Law in Music	Henry J. Watt
The Jonsonian Masque	Jeffrey Mark
A Far-Eastern Gateway	R. B. Hurry
Brass Instruments in the Orchestra	Adam Carse
The Flute and its Powers of Expression	Louis Fleury
Music of the Commonwealth	Yorke Bannard
The Beggar's Opera and its Composers	W. H. Grattan Flood
Musings	Lady Dean Paul
Translations of Some Songs of Schubert and Brahms	Various Authors

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Music and Letters

OCTOBER, 1922

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CÉSAR FRANCK

THE centenary of this composer's birth will start two main trends of thought in the minds of music-lovers to-day. They may think of his great work as a teacher, and of its consequences; or they may think of the music itself. In treating of an artist so contemplative, so intimate and so intense, we shall do well to work from outward aspects to the inner essence—from schools, movements and waves of popularity to the calm of the organ loft at Sainte Clotilde.

In England, since the war, Franck has become almost popular. Conductors, in their search for something "classical" that was not German, rediscovered his neglected Symphony. His fame in England, however, will always be safest with lovers of chamber music and of serious music for organ and pianoforte. In France, a critical reaction against him has long been perceptible. This was a natural result of posthumous canonisation, of the "Franckian legend" set afoot by adoring disciples. It was also a result of the formalism with which, in the Schola Cantorum, his most eminent pupil, M. D'Indy, developed Franck's simple ideals. Against this, champions of the new nationalism in French music revolt. Where, in Franck, they ask, are the typical French virtues—the critical sense, the delicate economy of means, the sensuous grace, the wit, the gaiety? "Is it French," asks M. Jean-Aubry, "this mysticism . . . this readiness to take everything seriously?"

Surely, though, if Franck's virtues—we do not speak of his faults—are not French, so much the worse for French music. To admire

Racine, let us say, need not involve ruling out Pascal or Saint François de Sales. As regards nationality, a man belongs to the artistic *milieu* in which his life is spent, above all when he is a great teacher. The assimilative genius of the French nation has abundantly proved this fact. The history of their grand opera, for example, would read strangely indeed if "foreigners" were left out, from the Italian Lulli who founded the genre to the German Jew Meyerbeer who degraded it.

The young Belgian Franck came to Paris from Liège, studied at the Conservatoire, worked as organ professor there, and organist at the church of Sainte Clotilde, during the barren mid-nineteenth century period of French musical history. This period lasted till about 1870, when he was already middle-aged. Nearly all French traditions, except bad ones, had been forgotten; Meyerbeer reigned at the Opera; the Wagnerian invasion was soon to come, and sweep musical France off its feet; Berlioz, the one prophet of this barren time, had been left to cry in the wilderness. Quietly, at first half-unconsciously, Franck built up from the ground a structure of symphonic music in his adopted country. He built it mainly with German bricks, but they were the best available; even the nationalists could hardly expect him to build on the old French instrumental tradition, then buried and forgotten. He taught the principles of Bach and Beethoven in a broad and free spirit. He took Wagner, so to speak, in his stride, neither denouncing nor slavishly imitating him. He drew out what was best in his pupils, and encouraged them to follow their most hopeful bent. The pure lyricism of Duparc, the brave romantic passion and refined technique of Chausson, the intellectual strength and constructive grasp of Vincent D'Indy—these virtues of three pupils of Franck differ sufficiently from each other. His ideals as taught in the Schola did no harm, but rather good, to the sunny art of Dédat de Séverac and to the subtle evocative genius of Albert Roussel. Chabrier, Dukas, Debussy, differing still more widely from Franck in temperament and outlook, all felt and expressed reverence for the man round whose name the progressive forces in French music clustered for more than a generation.

Small wonder, then, that there has been a Franckian legend. For the man himself one feels that no legend could well be too good. His freedom from the uncharities of the artistic world, his simple goodness of heart—these are beyond cavil. Some may bewail the many hours lost to composition in that lifetime of teaching. Others may wish that in the interests of his art he had spent fewer hours at his organ, and more under the free skies of heaven. But we must take him as he is. The varied branches of his art were to him one; his devotion to them, unexampled in the France of his day, was the very quality which drew

serious musicians to him. The story of the production of his works is pathetic. It is the same, almost to the end—poor rehearsals, hostile or indifferent artists, puzzled audiences, now and then a complete fiasco. His colleagues at the Conservatoire were jealous of him; he had little support beyond that of his pupils. In 1890, in the little Salle Pleyel, he received his first public ovation, after a performance of his string quartet. He was sixty-seven; though he did not suspect it, he had only a few months more to live. As the applause went on he could not believe it was for himself; he thought it was all for the performers. At last, smiling and bewildered, he was induced to appear. D'Indy records the naïf words of triumph uttered by the old man to a few of the faithful next morning: "There, you see, the public is beginning to understand me."

It was late in life, and with immense labour, that he succeeded in his own eyes. Legend too often pretends that he was one of those unerring artists whose work is pure gold, refined with deliberate care. This is not true; he was usually a quick worker, often an uncertain one. Quick he had to be: his fixed hours for composing were in the early morning, before the day's teaching began. After that, he would snatch odd moments; in brief country holidays he worked hardest of all. Of the three periods assigned to him in D'Indy's invaluable study, the last (1872-1890) is the one that counts. In the light of it the first two, though the influences shown in them are interesting, seem for the most part a series of failures and doubtful dawns.

Happily for his fame, his inferior work is now largely forgotten. Though a "classic," he is not, like some of them, over-published and swallowed wholesale. His early trios for strings and pianoforte show him laying the foundations of his true art on Bach and Beethoven. He has also real French affinities, often overlooked. Early likings for Grétry and Monsigny, above all for Méhul, that nearly forgotten composer of the silver age of French grand opera, left traces on his melodic style. Their clear-cut, ingenuous charm is felt in his oratorio *Ruth*. An enthusiasm for the songs of Schubert helped possibly to give some of his melodies their peculiar wafted quality. Most of the features of his early art at its best will become clear from a short examination of the *Six Pièces* for organ, a collection more likely to last than anything else he wrote before his "third period" of settled maturity.

The opening "Fantasia" in C major is not a convincing whole, but its separate parts are all interesting. The melodies of its first and last sections have an innocent candour too often obscured in Franck's later years by chromaticism. Canon—his favourite technical device—is delightfully used in this passage with a tune like Wagner's "slumber



theme " floating above it. The subject treated in canon is a chime-theme; in the " *Pastorale*," in the brighter radiance of E major, chimes are again heard, though now more pensive and dreamy, as if they came faintly over summer fields. Had the carillons of Franck's native land worked themselves permanently into his mind? For we have other instances to quote later.

Bach-like idioms are heard in the middle section of the " *Fantasia*," which is rather thin and prolix; Franck's facility in modulation is already apt to be disquieting. The Fugue in B minor, however, is quite individual; Bach's spirit is there, rather than any definite imitation; the work is short, a little blunt, with a quietly intellectual vigour and no trace of virtuosity. This latter fault spoils the coda of the " *Final* " in B flat, otherwise a fine work. Its opening theme—strong, sweeping and well organised—is one of the very few " pedal solos " worth ranking with the best of Bach's: while the firm construction of the piece, and its broad key-system, recall Beethoven in his third period. Nothing so deeply and sincerely passionate as the " *Prière* " had been written for the organ since Bach. Here we find canon redeemed altogether from the reproach of a mere device; it has become an urgent, vitalising element in the composer's genius.

Passing over choral works of no great importance—for even *Rédemption* is but a step on the way to the *Beatitudes*—we come to the composer's flowering time, the nineteen years 1872-1890. He has now made his style, and applies it at will to various musical forms. Chronology is no longer important: we must define, if we can, the qualities that make his work what it is.

His music is at once naïf and intense, passionate and meditative. Its range of thought and feeling is, for a great master, not wide; though it knows many stages, from a rare pitch of contemplative ecstasy to a frank simple joy that is nearly play. Through changing moods, through baffled aspirations he wins to joy or triumph, or the serenest peace. The struggle from darkness to light is almost a fixed habit of his musical nature. His art rarely suggests the energy which is of the external world. As D. G. Mason says, it tends to be " sedentary "; it " sings constantly," it " almost never dances."

Even when it moves strongly, as in the finale of the Symphony, taking checks and retrospects in its stride, it suggests an energy of personal, individual feeling. Strength of another kind, too, Franck often commands; the intellectual strength which is struck from the brain in the triumphant tackling of a formal problem. When these two types of energy are fused together, his finest work results.

A glorious example of this is fortunately one of the best-known: the *Prelude, Choral and Fugue*. The harping figures with poignant phrases thrown across them, the majestic chorale with its expressive interludes, the fugue with its nervous energy—each of these passes by, and there is a mysterious lull: as in a dream we hear the preludial harpings again; the chorale theme floats across them; and in a trice this combination of all three elements—with a canon thrown in—is hurled at us,



surely one of the mightiest strokes in pianoforte literature. Intense feeling, grandly ordered and controlled, marks the work from its quiet beginning to the exultant bell-peal at the close. Franck had first intended to write merely a prelude and fugue, on more regular Bachian lines. The work grew under his hands until the form itself was enriched.

The *Symphonic Variations*, for piano and orchestra, show him moulding into a continuous whole the late variation form of Beethoven, in moods lighter than usual: they range from pleading pensiveness to a bright intellectual play. As he varies his two main themes more and

more subtly, and works off one against the other, giving an illusion of sonata form in the process, we feel that he is frankly enjoying his own ingenuity. It is good to see him taking a rest from deep emotions from time to time. In that favourite movement the finale of the *Violin and Pianoforte Sonata*, something like the reverse has happened. One feeling—a sweet, abounding joy—has mastered him, and to express it he writes a melody in canon, the violin echoing the piano at a bar's distance, an octave higher. So perfectly has his intellect mastered this often crabbed device of canon that he knows it will double the joy, and it does. Little wonder, too, with a theme like this



with its naïf air of folksong and its plain diatonic movement—a theme that a boy in the street could whistle and enjoy.

Heart and mind, emotion and intellect, do not always work so happily together. In considering Franck's treatment of sonata form, we soon come up against the defects of his great qualities. Quite early, in his "Grande Pièce Symphonique" for organ, he experimented with this form. Wishing to give it the greater unity foreshadowed by Beethoven in his third period, he telescoped scherzo into andante, and used the chief minor theme of his first movement in a major form in his finale. Also, like Beethoven in the Ninth Symphony, he held, near the beginning of the finale, a kind of defaulters' parade of previous themes. It is hard to find any emotional reason for such proceedings. The result is an excessive sectionalism: until the finale is well under way, we get nowhere in particular, so frequently are we pulled up. And, looking at the point a little more closely, we see that this sectionalism was inherent in Franck.

It is a short-windedness of phrase, as well as of sentences and periods. These latter, in fact, are sometimes long, but they are nearly always made up of brief phrases, of one or two bars each, balanced against each other in various ways. The deepest passion and beauty may be in the themes themselves; but the strong wind of the spirit too rarely catches them and urges them on. Instead, Franck's intellect lays hold of them, combining and contrasting them, often laboriously. There is little dead passage-work, little of the mere filling of a mould that sometimes sufficed for Brahms. The ideas have the field to themselves; they contend, or supplement each other; they appear freely in different movements, always with a purpose, sometimes

with too much. So is the *Symphony* made—that long wavering struggle from darkness to light, with its pregnant opening phrase so obviously recalling the “muss es sein” theme in Beethoven’s last quartet, its curious allegretto in which the spirits of scherzo and slow movement seem to have coalesced, and the splendid finale, with victory in its stride, a movement in which, as often, the composer finds in canon an escape from his short-windedness.

We pass on now to another much discussed feature of Franck’s music. This is his chromaticism of harmony and melody, of the former more often than the latter. What are the safeguards against undue chromaticism? Any good page of Wagner gives an obvious answer. Diatonics, boldly and frequently mixed, melodies cutting their way through the web in fearless counterpoint, a judicious choice of the richer and stranger chord possibilities. In the stock example from



Tristan the chord (a) sounds really stranger and richer than it is, partly because it is suddenly attacked after a plain unharmonised passage, partly because it is prolonged a little before dissolving so smoothly in chromatic lines. There is one small instance of the uncanny art of Wagner’s best chromatic effects. Franck, however, is more lavish, less careful, in these matters. In some of his trances of mysticism he tends to forget the diatonic scale altogether. Counterpoint does not always help, because it begins to lose character; the chords tend to move in thick, luscious blocks. Worse still, they are sometimes not “rich and strange,” they are just sickly. In this passage from the first



Choral for organ, melting and beautiful as the general effect is, some chords and progressions in the first two phrases bring us quite near enough to Spohr, or even to *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. On the other hand, the dissolving effect of the sudden plunge into B flat and back again, in the third phrase, is wonderful, on a first hearing. But on the whole, Franck's over-chromaticism makes some of his music sadly cloying, however necessary this quality may have been to express his states of mind and heart.

With him, as one would expect, chromaticism goes hand in hand with over-frequent modulation. Debussy has somewhere given a piquant reason why he did not stay long in Franck's organ class at the Conservatoire. In extemporisation lessons, the master would shout "Modulate! modulate!" when Debussy saw no need to do any such thing. More real boldness in Franck's treatment of harmony would probably have cured his tendency to incessant change of key. Debussy's music itself is an example. Even as it is, Franck's groping harmonies burst at times into strange new seas of discovery, where Wagner could not sail. His free use of "fifths" is only one aspect of his tendency to make his tone-mass "slide bodily up or down," as D. G. Mason long ago discovered. This tendency has been turned by Debussy and his followers into a principle. Debussy himself might have written those ascending blocks of consecutive ninths, that sound so strange in the long mysterious lull before the final climax of the *Symphony*. Franck brought home rare treasures, as well as more doubtful commodities, from his voyages of harmonic exploration.

One last weakness of the composer is shown, in company with most of his other faults and virtues, in the *Béatitudes*. The text-books usually put this work down as his masterpiece, with a qualifying and badly-needed "perhaps." It exemplifies only too well the failing which the nationalists of French music call his lack of critical sense. The idea of the work came to him early; he toiled at it intermittently for ten years. Few musicians, surely, could ever have been better fitted, either by goodness of heart or the artistic bent of a life-time, to attempt a setting of the words of Christ. Unfortunately he accepted a libretto, tolerable in its conventional way as verse, but impossibly crude and monotonous in its general scheme. It works up to each beatitude by a would-be dramatic presentation of its opposite. Worldlings shout their love of wealth and pleasure, tyrants rage, mourners lament, Satan in person defies the just of the earth; and at a given moment, in each of the eight sections of the work, the voice of Christ quells the storm. The real Franck usually steps in here, and the sections finish with celestial choruses, often of surpassing beauty. The composer, in all sincerity, seems to have thought that he could depict

the dark passions of mankind. But the results of his desperate attempts sound too often like Meyerbeer, like reminiscences of vulgar operatic choruses, drawn from some waste place of his mind. Even D'Indy finds the conception of Satan grotesque. His picture of Franck singing to his pupils



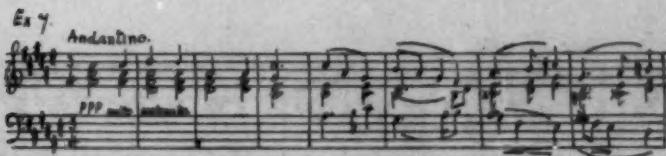
and frowning and trying hard to "put on an awe-inspiring air" is a sad symbol of genius attempting alien tasks.

His true art wins through some of the terrestrial portions of the work, though laboriously. Two impressions of a performance of the *Béatitudes* at the Chatelet long ago still haunt our ears. First there is the stern swing of the mourners' chorus

"Reine implacable, O Douleur,
Ta main redoutable Brise notre cœur!"

with a rhythm and atmosphere recalling the grim relentless tread of the second chorus in Brahms's *German Requiem*. We can still hear, too, the fine modulations of the brass that support the solemn recitative of the Angel of Death.

The celestial choruses take us nearly if not quite to the summit of Franck's art. Only a long quotation could give a true idea of the treatment of this theme



in the section "Blessed are the pure in heart." In the radiance of the key which, D'Indy tells us, "always suggested the light of heaven" to the composer, the softly melting harmonies float and sway. No words can express the beauty of some of the modulations. Towards the end, with the theme still floating underneath it, a gently rocking figure beats down like rays of light.

This, truly, is angel music, if any has been written since the Golden Age of the art. The last chorus of all is equally fine, and is based on the motto theme of Christ, heard at intervals throughout the work—one of Franck's broadest diatonic melodies—



The four notes of the first bar, in plain and syncopated forms, soar continuously and with ecstatic modulations through a web of harping figures, till a proud, triumphant unison theme is heard in the orchestra, sounding again and again between the long Hosannas of the chorus. The union of rapture and serenity in this peroration has few parallels in music. Thus surely do those who are "persecuted for righteousness' sake" enter the kingdom of Heaven.

Can we see Franck a little more clearly as he moves in these regions of light? His angels have not the austerity of Elgar's, nor the consciously Catholic dogmatism that often clings to them. Mozart in his most "angelic" mood remains childishly innocent: the loftiest mystic flights of *Parsifal* are heavy with symbolism. Franck's angels are just kind, pitiful, companionable; the sheer goodness of his heart is heard in them, with its great note of compassion for suffering.

His "mysticism," in the true and personal sense of that much abused word, is communion. Its states vary considerably. It never knows such fear as shudders in the *Sanctus* of Beethoven's *Mass*. Not seldom, though, we feel a rather stern awe stealing like a cloud over the music, as in the opening of the pianoforte *Choral*



especially in the second bar. It suggests an approach to some place too holy for human feet. With doubtful success, more than once, he expresses an external sort of fear in his music, as in *Le Chasseur Maudit*. A mood more real and personal is found in the second organ *Choral*, where the rhythmic pedal theme



repeated again and again with varied counterpoints does seem to suggest the approach of something—or someone?—with its “majestic instance.” In many other places, as Romain Rolland puts it, “the short, characteristically abrupt phrases . . . seem to rise in supplication to God, and often fall back in sadness and tears.” Such moods are found in the organ *Prière*, or the wonderful *Larghetto* of the Quartet, which nearly breaks its slender frame, half-way through its course, with a supremely passionate *appel*. Again, there are many places where the mood is just peaceful contemplation, as in Example 5 quoted above. Not seldom, too, that intellect of his, which played him such crabbed tricks at times, takes fire and helps to create the mystic impression. The mighty climax of the third Organ *Choral* (Franck’s last completed work) with those thrilling strokes of harmony which usher in the final appearance of the theme, makes one think of the bursting of bonds. This is its conclusion—



Laboured? Yes, but here the labour is in place; and the descending “closed” arpeggios, crashing down on to the bass figure, are strong with the authentic might of the instrument Franck knew best.

We would leave him here, at his organ, with his picture in our minds as painted by Mme. Rongier, with the rapt look on the strong face grotesquely framed in grey hair and side whiskers, the huge hands sprawling over keys and stops, and the long frock coat tumbling down so low as surely to get in the way of his pedalling. As we see him in his music, he seems to live in a place that is both church and school. He did a great and necessary work in that school, work that shines bright on the pages of musical history; no wonder if his music, like the dyer’s hand, is a little stained with the labour which gave him his

bread. He spent himself royally for his scholars. Sometimes, too, he gets into the open air, though he never wanders out of range of the church bells, which ring through his music in so many tones, from dreamiest ecstasy to a boyish glee. But in church, at the organ, he is at his best. For good and ill the mark of the organ is on his art. He is not happiest when he treats the orchestra—that democracy of self-assertive individuals each with a technique and a temper of his own. He treats them as an organist tends to do—in blocks—in monochrome tints, now crude, now monotonous. The arbitrariness of the organ, its heaviness and lack of pulse, impair his music. But only the organ renders ideally this contemplative, toilsome art; so, too, in their measure do some chamber combinations. Then the burning intensity of his mystic feeling gets home; for it is upheld and controlled by an intellect whose laborious ways are best suited to such media. In the loft at Ste Clotilde, we feel sure, his greatest ideas came to him. There, as he plays, he communes with the invisible; and for long stretches, when he is thus inspired, we listen to the music of the pure in heart who shall see God.

W. WRIGHT ROBERTS.

HOW TO PRACTISE A STRING-QUARTET

DEAR SIR,

Among the subjects you suggest I should write to you about are several on which I have already both thought and written a good deal. Various aspects of music, such as its history and aesthetics, have occupied me besides my quartet playing; but your letter reaches me in the mountains, far from my books and music, and under such conditions the difficulty of writing on certain subjects seems to me insuperable. I shall therefore ask you to let me choose from the themes proposed that one about which I can best write with no other aid than that of memory, carefully avoiding any display of erudition. Should this type of "chat" not be learned enough for *MUSIC AND LETTERS*, please give me time and opportunity to consult the right sources for one of the historical articles you ask me to send you.

You ask: How does a quartet practise? I believe every quartet—in fact, every artist—practises in a different way. Each artist alters his manner of practising when he arrives at a new stage in his development. He practises Debussy differently from Beethoven; practises in one way while touring, in another when at home; in one way when he has plenty of time, in another when the work must be completed by a certain date.

I am therefore taking for granted that you will be interested to hear how our organisation—the Hungarian Quartet—practises; and I will take as an example our method of studying a modern work, the author of which is accessible, but will not be asked to attend the preliminary rehearsals. The work will first be played through with the strictest possible adherence to the marked *tempi*. It is understood that the players are sufficiently expert musicians to take in at a glance the general construction of the movements. If the construction of the work be complicated it must be played through at sight several times with the help, naturally, of frequent consultation of the score. The functions of principal and secondary themes must then be discussed and decided on, so that their importance and meaning may be clearly brought out in the development sections. Then each player takes his part, works at it from the technical side, and marks it with his own individual fingerings and bowings.* Then we are ready to begin the work in detail.

* The player's own marks, subject, of course, to a later revision.

It is of the greatest importance now to concentrate on obtaining the right *quality of sound*: and for this reason a slower *tempo* than the correct one is usually taken. This has several advantages. First, it is more exacting from the point of view of tone; the smallest "value" must be played with beauty of tone. Further, the relative importance of the parts, and tone-colour of the middle and bass voices can be distinguished as easily as though each player had the score in front of him. And this is the way, too, to get the right *phrasing*—that most important element of every musical rendering—and the right *rhythm*, if the work is rhythmically complicated. This is the middle stage of our work, the hardest of all. In order not to get jaded by constant repetition, we take only one, or at most two, movements at a rehearsal. Again and again, with relentless criticism both of ourselves and of one another, we play over motives, themes, phrases, theme-complexes and exposition till we get all of them right and in the proper relation.

Now comes the third stage—really no less hard for the conscientious artist—the putting together what has been picked to pieces. The mortar which is to hold together this house of sound is the *tempo*. But this *tempo* is not an inanimate thing like mortar; it lives, pulsates, and permeates from the gigantic stones of the foundations to the topmost turret—the culminating point of the work. *Tempo* and phrasing decide whether a melody is theme or episode and whether the playing is alive or dead.

When we have reached this stage in our rehearsals the Father—the composer—is sent for. We have played in the thirteen years of our collaboration to various "Fathers"—Bartók, Kodály, Dohnányi, Leo Weiner, Debussy, Ravel, Rachmaninov and a number of other composers have heard certain of their works for the first time from us. There are some composers who wish to glide gently into their music, others who prefer to storm and stamp their way; but each to whom we have played has been contented with the principal *tempo* when the principal theme was rightly phrased; consequently also with the changes of time within the movement demanded by the phrasing of a transition motive, a repetition, or a moment of increased emotion.* One composer said to us: "You play this quite differently from the X. Quartet. Your performance appears to me beautiful and full of vitality; the performance of the X. Quartet also pleased me very much. Curiously enough, I had imagined my work differently to either of you!"

* We have always found that the metronome indications can only be treated as hints, and to stick to them rigidly is tantamount to killing the composition. (See Wagner's remarks on the performance of the *Meistersinger* overture.)

Zola says: "L'objet d'art, c'est un coin de la nature vu par un tempérament." This applies literally to the plastic arts; but in music, that is unless the composer is himself playing, the vision is through two or more temperaments; and I am sure it interests the general public to hear a Beethoven quartet through the medium of the greatest possible number of attractive individual temperaments. As a matter of fact, we have inherited through a chain of quartet players and teachers a so-called authentic style of rendering the classical works. But even this tradition is not free from temperamental prisms which deflect—often how cruelly!—the once straight line. And yet perhaps I am wrong with my "how cruelly" (am I not myself only a temperament?); for did not Beethoven hear his quartet Op. 182 from two different sets of players, and may not both renderings have pleased him, though he himself had conceived it otherwise?

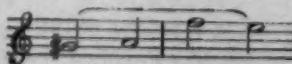
Of course, there is another decisive element in quartet playing—that elusive something that we call "style." Mozart's blend of German *Innigkeit* and Italian sweetness, Brahms' austere passion, Tchaikovsky's Russian melancholy breathing French perfume, Schubert's delicious sentimentality—all these are the result of atmospheres created by different climates, races, historical epochs, individual fates—a combination of influences, in fact, forming what Henri Taine defines as *milieu*. To realise all this, to familiarise oneself with it, if possible, through travel and reading, is the duty of the executive artist, as it is that of the actor. He must be able to sympathise with "die Wut über den verlorenen Groschen" in order to render Beethoven's Variations with the appropriate humour. But on no account let him explain, lecture, instruct—only wholeheartedly storm, weep and laugh! The hearer understands far more than many an artist realises!

We have now arrived at the fourth stage of our work, which embraces the preparation of classical works; with modern works I should describe this stage as a process of getting the final conception into one's bones—although no conception really ever is final. One is always learning new things as one grows older; at thirty one perceives depths and heights overlooked at twenty-four. We studied the Beethoven quartets for ten years with the analytic-synthetic method I have been describing, and always keep several in our *répertoire*. In the summer of 1919 (the last in which our Hungarian krone still maintained any purchasing power worth speaking of) our Quartet was at Katwyk-am-Zee preparing for the Beethoven Festival. Here we entirely restudied the whole of Beethoven's string-quartet music, less with a view to the individual importance of each quartet

than to its significance as belonging to a certain period of the master's work.*

This re-study was, of course, not analytical, as its aim was to grasp the gradual development and advance of Beethoven's style. We returned subsequently to the old method and finally took about thirty rehearsals to prepare certain of the quartets of Beethoven's middle period for public performance, having found that our former phrasing and *tempi* no longer tallied with our present conception of Beethoven. Every work in one's *répertoire* needs such revision after a certain time. Constant concert-giving allows latitude for the acquiring of mannerisms, which slip in unnoticed and then spread like weeds. "The good pastor goes on learning to the day of his death," says a Hungarian proverb, and I hope and believe that this implies self-criticism; for, even when kept well in hand, individual "temperament" is almost always, to my thinking, too prominent in musical renderings. I cease to enjoy any performance which is dominated by it, even when the performer is an excellent artist. To master and to identify oneself with the work of several styles and nationalities in one evening is a hard task, but to be able to do so is absolutely necessary for the executive artist.

It depends on the composer studied which stages of rehearsal are the easiest. The analysis of Beethoven's Op. 18 is easier than that of his later work; yet the latter, again, is easy compared to that of the last quartets, with their polyphony and their concentrated motives set forth in abstract form. The quartets in A minor, B \flat major and C \sharp minor are united into a magnificent triptych, the Great Fugue, an apotheosis of suffering, rises as a colossal and heaven-piercing snow-peak by means of this motive :



It is no light task to make this clear, for it appears often divided among the four voices, sometimes concealed in passages or accompanying harmonies, broken into, or interwoven by subsidiary or

* Between October 1 and Christmas, 1920, the following works were performed in Budapest:—Beethoven's entire chamber music works for string, piano and wind instruments, in 17 matinées (Hungarian quartet and Dohnányi). All the Piano Sonatas, in 10 evenings (Dohnányi). The Violin Sonatas (Telmányi and Dohnányi). 'Cello Sonatas (Kerpely and Dohnányi). Symphonies and choral works (under Dohnányi's direction).

leading themes. In the C \flat minor quartet it is not only inverted, but as it were exhausted and melodically changed :



while in the B \flat major it goes gaily on in its natural position.

The Debussy quartet seems after this positively naïve, built as it is on the rhythmic changes of the theme :



The construction and sound-values of a romantic work are certainly far easier to master than the delicate structure and fastidious part-writing of a Mozart. I do not exactly mean to say that the work of any one period is easier to do than that of another; rather that each has especial characteristics which must be brought out.*

In my opinion, among the quartets of living—in fact, of all post-Beethoven—composers those of Béla Bartók have the greatest resemblance to those of Beethoven's last period, more especially from the point of view which we have just been taking. Pregnant motive-like themes, sharply marked rhythms, strongly worked out thematic material, logical though impassioned developments, restless harmonies of shifting tonality interspersed by frequently interrupted cadenzas, very plastic melodies which are apt to occur rather with unison than with homophonic accompaniment—all these are begotten of a personality—full both of feeling and of energy, one who has suffered but yet can smile, or even break into peals of laughter. One can draw a parallel also between the fate that has attended certain works of the two composers. We gave his quartet Op. 7 its first public performance in 1909; for twelve years after that no other Quartet could make up its mind to attempt this apparently thankless work. His Op. 17 appeared in 1920, and up to the present I have not yet heard of a Quartet that has played it, nor yet the two quartets, the

* Wanda Landowska has an excellent remark on the subject in her "Musique Ancienne."

Trio and the Duo of Zoltán Kodály, even though these last are far more pleasing, both in form and content, and no less sound music.

The study of the works of these two composers must naturally be undertaken by analytical methods, keeping in mind the same features as are of special importance in the last works of Beethoven. The attainment of right phrasing, balance of parts, and *tempo* makes such a demand on the performer's attention that he at first hardly notices the diminished octaves and other "crudities," but I myself do not find this music cruder than the Great Fugue, nor more bucolic than the Rondo of the B \flat major quartet. At any rate, I regard with quite other feelings the modern attempt to found "Partiten" for string quartet or ragtime or jazz music, or to give grotesques and caricatures a musical setting. Side by side with *le grand art* a smaller, less pretentious and more intimate type of art has always flourished, which the publisher has not troubled to advertise and the composer has not claimed as an innovation. Such, doubtless, is still the case; but one does not wish to judge such work, though often quite talented, as representing the high-water mark of its author's achievement. I will rather reserve my judgment, hoping for a *St. Matthew Passion*—or, at any rate, for a work such as might have been called by Oscar Wilde an individual creation—to give proof of the composer's capacity. As to the Grotesque, as an end in itself, one can but place it beside its Italian ancestors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; the composers of the latter, however, also wrote exquisite sonatas, chaconnes and passacaglie. Hogarth, dear Mr. Editor, is an admirable artist, but I do not think that you would take me to the Soane Museum before you had shown me the National and Tate Galleries.

The French critic, André Gide, says (*Prétextes*, Ed. *Mercure de France*) that the Epigones are a necessity to reel off on their hurdy-gurdy the tunes of an artistic phase that has come to an end, and make a *tabula rasa* for the coming genius. He says something of this sort: "C'est une consommation effrayante dans l'art, comme dans la nature." I think we are on the point of undergoing this terrible consummation in art, and—on the continent, alas!—in civilisation also. The best way not to get into the dumps about it is to practise a Mozart quartet! If, however, you find my prescription doesn't work, make your own diagnosis, but do not be angry with,

Yours sincerely,

ECON F. KORNSTEIN

Trans.: DOROTHY HOLLAND.

THE STRING QUARTET SINCE BRAHMS

In confining attention to the string quartet form, and excluding from consideration works written for larger or smaller combinations of instruments, the writer has attempted in the following necessarily brief appreciation to pass in review not only the work of those composers whose names are synonymous with the most up-to-date practice, but cursorily to discuss the methods by which the quartet has attained to its present freedom of expression and emancipation from the traditional and somewhat pedantic forms still advocated in certain reactionary quarters. The field of development during the last forty years has been so vast that the musical public has found it difficult to keep pace with the rapid changes of idiom as manifested in each and every new work we listen to, but in any case it is assumed that the reader is sufficiently conversant with the classic quartets of Hadyn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert to justify at the outset the action of the present writer in singling out Brahms as representing the last of the great German romantic school, and as such constituting a convenient starting point for a discussion of modern processes.

In the year 1876 there appeared for the first time the third of the magnificent string quartets of Brahms, Op. 67 in B flat. Previous to that, in 1873, he had given us Nos. 1 and 2 in C minor and A minor, respectively, both characteristically included under the same opus number 51. As this review deals with string quartets only, any mention of either the two sextets, the two quintets for strings, apart altogether from the chamber music with piano, would be out of place, as would also any description of the relative merits of the latter works as compared with the quartets. Suffice it to say that the three quartets in question, in spite of Beethovenish and Schubertian touches in the first two, are as fully representative of the rich and romantic Brahms idiom as any previous or later piece of chamber music from his pen.

It is a matter of much interest for the musician to realise that the composer had given to the world his third and last string quartet during the year which marked the production of his first symphony (upon which he was engaged on and off for a period of nearly ten years previously). This period might really be called the half-way house in the composer's development, and it is significant that in the magnificent quintets, Op. 88 and 111, likewise in the quintet for clarinet and

strings in B, Op. 115, Brahms' idiom is at its ripest stage. Why, then, was it that Brahms deserted the form of the string quartet at so early a stage in his career for the richer and more mature quintets? Is it possible that his last word in that form had been given to us in Op. 67, because he found the four instruments an inadequate means of expression, or is it that the addition of a second viola appealed more by reason of the resulting gain in richness of tone? Yet on closer consideration it is only natural to conclude that the quintet represented to him the better medium for his ever-developing powers, just as the possibilities of the clarinet in chamber music influenced his four last chamber works—the Trio for Piano, Violin and Clarinet, Op. 114, the Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, Op. 115, and the two Sonatas for Piano and Clarinet, Op. 120. Yet for the cultured the three quartets of Brahms stand as the most enduring works in that form of their time, and as representing the logical development of Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert, they serve for our purpose as a very convenient starting point for any enquiry into the influences and general constructive tendencies of those works written for string quartet by composers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries up to the present day.

It is a strange coincidence that, in considering the chamber music of one of Brahms' greatest contemporaries, Tchaikovsky, we discover that the year 1876 is also to be found on the title page of the third and last string quartet. The three are respectively marked Op. 11, 22 and 30, the F major (No. 2) probably being the best known. Apart from the piano trio and the string sextet, they comprise Tchaikovsky's entire output in the realms of chamber music, and bear not the slightest resemblance to the Brahms' idiom, as may well be imagined in the case of two men whose sympathies ran in such opposite channels. Yet, though of late there is a growing tendency to belittle much of Tchaikovsky's music, it still remains a fact that these three quartets are indisputably great in conception and faultless in technique. But it is only on turning to the work of his successors that we realise why it is that the Russians to-day can show a collection of work which for quantity outweighs, and for quality at least equals, that of any other group. Among them the names of Arensky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazounov, Borodine, Taneiev, Liadov, Glière, Gretchaninov, and the other remaining members of that little group of enthusiasts known as "Les Vendredis" immediately occur to the reader. Take the case of Glazounov, with the quartets (five in number), the Suite, the Novelettes and the two pieces, not to mention numerous other contributions to the quartet form written in collaboration with his fellow-composers. All these are not only works of genius, but are emotionally and technically so satisfying that not all the complicated devices of the ultra-modernist

can ever dim the splendour of their romantic qualities. Consider the two *chefs d'œuvre* of Borodine, not modern in the sense we understand modernism, but of a transparent beauty unsurpassed by any composer before or since.

The attraction of the string quartet for the Russian is also evidenced in the case of Taneiev, who contributed six quartets, whilst Glière wrote two, Sokolov three, likewise Arensky, Napravnik, Gretchaninov and others.

Contemporarily with the Russian, the French school, in the persons of Saint-Saëns, Fauré, D'Indy, and later Debussy, Ravel and others, including certain of the "Six" group, all contributed sooner or later significant examples of their work to the particular form which we are discussing. Saint-Saëns is known by two quartets, both in G major, very facile, but hardly representative enough of either their composer or their school to warrant detailed examination.

On the other hand, the Belgian, Franck, who seems fated to be classed as a Frenchman, was to influence very considerably by his epic contribution to the form several of the younger generation of Frenchmen. Particularly is this noticeable in the work of Chausson and his followers, and to a certain extent in the solitary quartets of Samazeuilh and Jongen. The Franck quartet, great though it undoubtedly is in conception, was obviously the work of an organist. The different parts throughout are almost continuous, but undoubtedly in its orchestral quality we perceive one of the earliest examples of that striving for richness of effect which so very much characterises modern string quartet technique.

In comparison, the two quartets of Fauré are, like all their author's music, replete with deep feeling expressed in terms of light and flexible tone-colour. They might almost be compared to the water-colours of Turner, and it is difficult to imagine how the modern French school could have existed without the guidance and example of Fauré to point the way. The quartets of Debussy and Ravel are so well known and their effect so irresistible that it would be superfluous to comment upon them save for the purpose later on of illustrating their technical devices.

Returning to Central Europe, and paying tribute, in passing, to the memory of Dvóřák, with seven examples of the string quartet, one more beautiful than the other, we find the new Viennese group—Bartók, Schönberg, Wellesz, Haba, Kodály and others, and before that, Dohnányi. In Germany, Strauss wrote a quartet, Op. 2, which in its idiom bears a striking resemblance to all his other chamber music of the period, particularly to the violin sonata, whilst Reger wrote two examples (Op. 54) containing some very striking and elaborate work.

In Italy Pizzetti, Respighi, Casella, Tommasini, and Malipiero are some of the modern representatives of chamber music. Previous to that, Scontrino, Sinigaglia, and even Verdi, had written quartets, whilst the Scandinavians, headed by Grieg (with G minor and unfinished F major quartets), contributed characteristic examples of their school.

Ernest Bloch is one of the few composers of note resident in America with a big quartet in print, whilst Stravinsky, the most discussed of all contemporaries, gives us three little pieces, and a new work not yet performed in this country.

It is only when we turn to our own country that we find a remarkable activity, particularly among the younger school of composers of the present day, in the realms of chamber music, especially in its most attractive form, the string quartet. It would be difficult to find a composer of any repute who during the last twenty years has not included at least one string quartet among his opus numbers, and while we pay due homage to the contributions of Stanford and his contemporaries, it is to the younger school that we must turn in order to realise how very great a hold chamber music has on this country. Perhaps it is that our performers stand unrivalled. The position of ensemble playing in England is a very high one, thanks largely to the influence of Joachim, and it must be recognised that the attention given to the subject in our chief teaching institutions has very much to do with the admirable performances given by the big English quartets at the present time. Chief among the composers of the present generation who have contributed so largely to the British school of chamber music stands Frank Bridge. In all his works, from the Noveletten to the big G minor Quartet, not counting the Quintet, the admirable Sextet and other works for different combinations of instruments, we remark a *flair* for this particular branch of musical art possessed by few of his fellow writers. His writing displays a knowledge of the different instruments which could only have been obtained by first-hand acquaintance, and though the language in which he writes is not by any means couched in the newest terms, yet the technical facility and perfect command of all those devices which go to the making of an effective quartet, quite apart from genuine inspiration, gives him an importance in this field which the British public is still slow to realise.

Others with almost the same command are Bax, Holbrooke, Scott, and Ethel Smyth, whilst Elgar's solitary work in this form, though not so well known as it deserves, is yet another example of the supremacy which the English school has achieved in this respect. Of the Englishmen whose excursions into the realms of chamber music are well known, not all have written string quartets, but suffi-

cient work is available in print to show that we in this particular branch of chamber music are in no wise behind the continent. In chamber music generally, besides the composers mentioned above, many others thereare whose work in this sphere cannot be overestimated. Consider the ensemble music of Ireland, Delius, Vaughan-Williams, Howells, and Bliss, to mention a few names at random. It is much to the credit of British publishers that so much of the above is accessible to the public, especially as the public still does not seem to realise the quantity of good chamber music written in this country during the past fifteen years. Propaganda alone can help to disseminate these works not only in our own country, but likewise abroad, where all too little is known and performed of English music, not only in the realm of chamber music, but in every other art form. The word "school" is far too greatly insisted upon in any discussion of European art, the absurdity of which is demonstrated in our own case by the mere fact that in chamber music, at any rate, there is not, and never has been, any particular evidence of a school. Our chamber music is the result of *individual* effort, and no other.

But, however interesting a geographical survey such as the foregoing may prove to the reader, of far greater interest is it to discuss and examine the main differences of technique, idiom and workmanship existing in present day practice, as compared with the period, particularly the German romantic period, which virtually closed with the death of Brahms. The change from the diatonic speech of yesterday to the chromatic of to-day was one among many which gave an opening to composers for whom formal academicism and tradition held no attraction. It could hardly be disputed, for instance, that Beethoven in his later quartets anticipated this change, yet at the same time invested his quartets with a significance expressed not so much by technical innovation as by a greater concentration of touch and elimination of non-essentials. Among his later quartets, the F major in particular may be cited as an instance. Here the deepest thoughts are expressed with a simplicity of speech which dispenses with any kind of decoration (as we know it to-day) and displays almost a reverence for the purely four-part nature implied by the term "quartet." Brahms, likewise, is an example of this, but to-day in many cases harmonic utterance takes precedence of contrapuntal device, and the purely melodic aspect of the music is invested with a fresh, though not necessarily more complex, meaning.

Apart also from the question of harmony, the colour possibilities latent in the rich and sonorous effects produced by such devices as double-stopping (which formerly was resorted to only in cases where the four parts in themselves proved inadequate in balance) began to

influence the later writers, who wanted more sound and harmony. Likewise, the individual performer's standard of excellence was ever progressing, particularly when it came to be realised that chamber music was as great a medium for the display of virtuosity as were the concerto and other forms of solo work. In fact, so great at the present day is the attraction for the composer of new sonorities and technical " effects " that in many cases the sheer beauty of pure four-part writing is in danger of extinction. It also has the effect of glossing over many structural and thematic defects through the composer relying too much on external and often meretricious brilliance, and so ingenious and complex is some of the decoration used by many that often the listener cannot discern the wood for the trees. One thing at least is established : it would be difficult to question the legitimacy of any particular passage written nowadays for string quartet by a composer with an extensive knowledge of the different possibilities of his instruments, whereas in the past even the commonplace device of pizzicato, and still more, harmonics, was hardly ever indulged in to any great extent.

The passion for colour, particularly colour of the orchestral variety, is a thing which most composers find it hard to resist, and, indeed, why should they? Given thematic material of interest and an intelligent and interesting development of it, any device that may serve to enhance its colourful and picturesque qualities cannot be deprecated, and if some composers choose to adopt means which have for their end the display of the extensive possibilities of stringed instruments, besides writing a work with purely theoretical attractions, then they must not be blamed if the primary element of four parts is not consistently adhered to throughout their work.

Chief among the features of modern string quartet writing which are used unsparingly by most composers of the present time are to be found practically every means for obtaining colour known to the orchestral composer. These include not only the extensive use of the tremolo, pizzicato, harmonics, double-stopping, ponticello, and so forth, but also that most orchestral of effects, the free melodic line over the sustained accompaniment of one or more varieties of chord, as an instance of which we may quote Example 5,* taken from the quartet of Ernest Bloch, where the inner parts have a colourful but secondary importance as compared with the melodic line of the principal violin. In this connection, too, the prominence and comparative importance of the first violin part in quartets by the older masters has virtually disappeared. Gone are the days when the leader of the quartet was supposed to possess

* The examples will be found at the end of the article.

greater gifts of virtuosity and greater brilliance of tone than his *confrère*. There are many instances I could quote in modern quartets where the second violin plays a far more difficult rôle than that of the hitherto favoured principal. Present-day practice assumes an equal facility on the part of both violinists, whilst the independence of writing exhibited by composers for the viola and the 'cello would have astonished and possibly shocked those who wrote and played music in the time of Brahms. Nowadays part-writing of whatever description is at any rate entirely independent, and though very often the leading violin is allotted a passage of more extreme brilliancy than the others, it does not follow that the other members of the quartet in any way play a subservient part. It is interesting in this connection to note the great strides which have been made in the independent nature of most of the viola writing to-day as compared with that in use at the end of the last century. Up till that time the viola was usually the lame horse of the party, and the technical difficulties of Brahms and Beethoven were considered the last word in difficulty. Since that time, however, the viola has assumed an importance as a solo instrument, particularly in this country, which has revealed it as capable of comparatively amazing flights of technique. Witness our own Tertis, Jeremy and Bridge, for whom there are practically no terrors of execution. Composers have not been slow to realise this, and we rarely find to-day a quartet which does not present throughout the feature of a viola part as interesting and as complicated as any of the other three. Similarly the use of the second violin, viola and 'cello in the capacity of accompanists has long since disappeared, and no individual member of the quartet may presume to lord it over any other individual.

Atmospheric effects play a large part in modern writing, and it is only natural to conclude that no composer nowadays attempts to write a string quartet before having mastered, in theory at any rate, the technique of the different instruments; in fact, many organisations have achieved fame as much by their brilliance of execution as by their excellence of interpretation. We have only to glance through a few works selected at random from the library of modern chamber music to realise the necessity of a combination of players being technically well equipped. Apart from difficulties of execution the rhythmic intricacies apparent in these works might have appalled many players who, twenty years ago, prided themselves on the excellence of their ensemble. A passage such as that quoted in Example 6 from the Max Reger quartet is on the face of it alarming, and is an instance also of the way in which the modern composer assumes on the part of his audience a familiarity with and a quick ear for the most rapid changes of the

harmonic variety. Whereas formerly the tonality of a work remained almost definitely established throughout its entire course, nowadays, as with every other form, rapid transposition and involved movement of parts not only demand the greatest concentration of hearing from the point of view of counterpoint, but also from that of rapid transitional harmony. It can easily be imagined that great perfection of playing and ensemble alone can produce the effect demanded by the composer, apart from that all-important matter of accurate intonation, the lack of which can transform a modern work from the compressed sequence of significant harmonic changes to a jumble of incoherent and muddy noise. Dynamic effects to-day find utterance in a very different fashion from that of earlier writers in this form. Examples 1 and 4 from the Quartets of Ravel and Malipiero show two distinct aspects of this; also in this connection the use of the tremolo in the Ravel quartet should be noted, producing the effect of a tremendous rhythmic impetus, whilst in the Malipiero, the bars quoted, besides possessing an intriguing thematic pattern, are an example of the use of open strings as a means to an end. Example No. 2 is an instance of the effective use not only of pizzicato, but of the rhythmic $5/4$ figure and characteristic harmony.

Examples Nos. 3 and 7 demonstrate the use of an undulating figure not only significant in itself, but serving as an atmospheric background for a melodic idea, just as the two illustrations quoted in Example 9 from the writer's Phantasy quartet give instances of the considerable use made in modern writing of two different kinds of sonorities, the use of the tremolo as a background for melody and the use of harmonics to suggest an atmosphere of cold aloofness and crystallised harmony, both effects rightly coming under the heading of orchestral.

The final quotation from the Borodine quartet is for sheer beauty and ingenuity unsurpassed, and accurately performed is irresistible.

Many of the modern quartets are in effect miniature symphonic poems, whilst others are invested with the significance of programme music, and in many cases constitute complete tone-pictures in themselves, quite apart from any value they may possess as abstract music. Equally so, works such as the quartet of Bloch, assume monumental proportions and cover the whole range of expressionism. So orchestral is it in many respects that it constitutes virtually a symphony for four strings.

It would be difficult to say whether at the present moment any particular national group of composers displays an ascendancy over any other group in the matter of quartet writing. It is interesting as an example to compare the two quartets of Milhaud and the solitary example of

Honegger with those of some of our younger men in this country; but if the Frenchmen in general, and these two composers in particular (Honegger, though a Swiss, is virtually French by association), display a greater facility and a greater ease in work, some of the better known examples on our side of the water benefit in comparison by their greater conciseness and less marked tendency to experiment in terms of sonorities rather than carefully selected subject matter. The love of the Latin for sheer atmosphere is evidenced in the work of the Italians Pizzetti, Malipiero, Respighi, Casella and Tommasini, though to a rather less extent than in the case of the Frenchmen. Taken as a whole the Italian examples are well worthy of more frequent performances than they have hitherto obtained. Roger-Ducasse is another Frenchman whose work presents similar features, but with a very much greater maturity of style and the restless harmonic scheme which characterises most of the productions of the Frenchmen.

Looking, for instance, at an example of the work of Bax, we are struck by the features which make the continental work so familiar to us, but at the same time he, in common with his fellow composers, is apt to choose subject matter of a more markedly definite stamp, an essential without which the string quartet loses much of its attraction. There is no doubt but that of all the art forms known to us at the present time the string quartet is the one which requires the deepest thought and the most careful handling. Its shortcomings and deficiencies will leap to the eye and the ear in far less time than is required to make its beauties apparent, and faultless material and construction are therefore two of its great essentials. This is what makes not only the work of Frank Bridge and similar writers so masterly, but also that of many of the young Austro-Hungarians of such interest from the experimental standpoint. However much one may disagree, or otherwise, with the work of their masters, particularly Schönberg and Bartók (both of whom, to put it mildly, could hardly be termed uninteresting, and who, in the writer's opinion, are exponents of the most interesting harmonic manifestations yet known) it must still be admitted that the eyes of the musical world are to a great extent concentrated on that particular corner of the continent in anticipation of something which will, by comparison, render utterly simple even the music of that daring innovator, Stravinsky. This is a matter, however, which the future alone can show. In the meantime it behoves us to encourage and stimulate the revival of interest not only in the string quartet form, but in every effort associated with chamber music generally, in order that composers may be encouraged still further to prosecute their activities in this direction with the utmost energy, and explore still

further every possibility still unexploited in the combination which we have discussed so briefly and summarily in the present article.

EUGENE GOOSSENS.

All the above-mentioned works can be obtained from J. & W. Chester, 11, Great Marlborough Street, W.

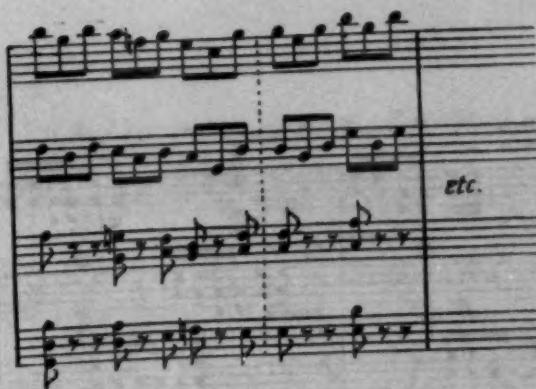
Ex. 1. Ravel Quartet - 4th Movement.

Vif et agité

Vif et agité

Ex. 2. Debussy, Quartet. 2nd Movement.

Assez vif



Ex. 3. Frank Bridge, *G minor Quartet*, 1st Movement.
($\text{A} = 92$)



Ex. 4. Malipiero, "Rispetti e Strambotti"

Un poco morendo

Ex. 5. Ernest Bloch, Quartet.

tranquillo assai (misterioso)

Ex. 6. Max Reger, *Quartet*, 2nd Movement.Ex. 7. Eugène Goossens, "Two Sketches."
Andante tranquillo

Ex. 8. A Eugène Goossens, "Fantasy Quartet".

Lento

ppp trem.

poco

poco

poco

mf espres.

etc.

B *Lento*

p

dim.

dim.

dim.

p

dim.

Ex. 9. Borodin, *Trio of Ama. Quartet*.

con sordino

pp

f

Flag: sul D

sul A - D -

etc.

RULE AND LAW IN MUSIC

PROBABLY few statements recur more frequently in works on modern music than this: there are no rules in music. Plenty of rules have indeed been formulated, as everyone knows. But these are now said to be merely for the guidance of beginners. The greatest composers ignore or transcend them and may even be as unfamiliar with them as many a gifted orator is with the rules of syntax. They are a crutch for the stumbling tiro, who is not naturally endowed. You have the right to break the rules as freely as the masters do. But you must first know how to break them. If you do not know how, you must at least be able to feel how to do so.

In spite of this greater delicacy of feeling in the genius, the older masters rarely moved beyond the range of the traditional laws of part-writing. For these have been carefully abstracted from their works. But modern composers move for the greatest part outside of them altogether. As a guide to composition in the modern style, the old teaching has become utterly useless. So now everyone admits that every known rule has lost its binding force and few new rules seem likely to replace them. Music now knows no guide save the taste and genius of the master. And that is said not to be analysable into rules of any kind.

All this really implies extreme scepticism as to the validity of any aesthetics of music. *Aesthetics* is a branch of science; and science is the effort to reduce the analytic description of the parts of the object, their relations and temporal sequences, to general statements or to "rules." So, if there are no rules in music, there can be no aesthetics of music. Many a writer on music might well hesitate to admit this offhand. For if there is no aesthetics of music, why write about it? The critic, then, can teach us nothing. He can merely tell us what he feels and what values he attributes to this or that work. But what interest can that have for anyone, if there be no *validity* in it? What greater chance of my liking a work is there, when he praises it than when he condemns it? If his trained and careful analysis of the work is *true*, it must first be *true* for him: that means that on a second hearing he would think the work nearly as good as he did on the first hearing, perhaps a little better or worse, but not very different. And being *true* for him, it will be approximately *true* for others who have had much the same musical training and experience.

and are similarly endowed. All this means, however, that back of his analysis lie events that recur in him and in others so often that we may call their recurrence regular. They are really lawful events whose statement is equivalent to rules.

In knowledge there are two parts, the knowing and the thing known. And in a certain sense it is necessary that of these two the thing to be known must precede the knowing. *Aesthetics* as knowledge must always trail after the art it studies, never overtaking it and often long behind it, as is now the case. Music is a very highly developed art, but the science of it is hardly yet on its feet. The same is true for all the arts and is the chief reason for the scepticism we have discussed. Few believe in any region of knowledge that is not plainly set before them. Faith is needed to divine the lands beyond the sea and desert that await exploration.

This precedence of art over aesthetics seems for ever to rob the latter of its grip. Its laws can never be more than the laws of the art epoch just left behind and exhausted. The laws of part-writing taught in our schools to-day hold for the classical period from Bach to Brahms, a style that for purposes of creation may well be said to be dead. It is a style for the exercise of pupils. Not that they would recreate its spontaneous beauty! And even if they did so, no one would think them really creative. No one would print or buy their music, any more than they buy poetry written by scholars in Greek or Sanskrit. The creative spirit has abandoned these regions, however much we may still enjoy the beauty of the works of their great masters. The new lights cast by art upon our planet must always contain rays that strike our souls in other parts to other rhythms. The old rays form part of the permanent beauties of the world that of their kinds may not be added to. The new ones must thrill us differently.

Now this happens, not because the laws of art must change as it progresses, so much as because we change. Once you know a fact, your mind is adapted to it; you cannot again enjoy the surprise of learning it, nor go through the mental work of assimilating it. For this you need new facts of a higher order or from a different sphere. And yet much of the mental process required for assimilating them may be the same as was used before in the work of the old facts.

Does music make progress as it changes, or does it merely change? Surely we must believe in progress. For the new art must please minds already attuned to the old, exercised in all its ways and ready to use upon the new every turn of skill built up on the old. The new art may be simpler in its structure: but it must be a simplicity that implies a more complex background of mind, a mind conscious of all that has been so skilfully omitted, or ready to weave into the airy

structure of the work the gossamer of imagination that will make it seem richer and fuller than any preceding work. This is the kind of difference that distinguishes the mind of the child from the simplicity of the childlike mind.

Not only in complexity do our minds change, but also in sensitivity. We can hardly alter our natural endowment by practice in any sphere of mind; but we certainly do adapt and attune our minds to the work. Our observation passes over the ground repeatedly, we learn the details more and more fully, we listen with an ear prepared and expectant, and so we hear much more fully and finely. We remember our previous judgments and bring them to bear upon our present enjoyment to test its persistence and to notice its alterations. By these means our application grows ever finer and more certain. Where formerly we heard only partially and crudely, we now hear fully and delicately. Once we needed to be roused to feeling by a rude jar upon our feelings, now even a tendency towards the same effects rouses them: for these effects are known and named by us, we have learned their causes and relations, and we can therefore detect them where another would not believe they were present.

This gradation of feeling lies at the back of much of that difference of taste between persons which provokes such constant dispute. And it is peculiarly prominent in music. For music seems almost to consist of series of effects of a graded kind. We meet such a series at the very foundations of all music, even the most primitive—in melody. The essential feature of melody, apart from its form, is the quality of motion it embodies, the sense of movement from note to note that it arouses. Now in this respect a melody is the more cogent the shorter the steps of pitch separating each note from the next. This is itself one of the simplest rules of part-writing and it reappears in the prevailing tendency of the movements of voices in the resolution of discords. It is true both for primitive melody and for the melodies of our classical music.

In speaking of rule in this connection we do not imply that a writer must always use short melodic steps, or that if he uses a long one we may say he is wrong in so doing or his music is bad. Nor do we imply that any ordinary musician could not write a melody with a large melodic leap in it. Any such use of the notion of rule in music is merely stupid, even though it is the interpretation of rule that is oftenest used by writers on music to condemn the formulation of rules.

If you take 50 or 100 song-melodies from any classical writer and tabulate the frequency with which each interval occurs in them you will probably find that, with due regard to the possible frequency of each size of interval in the major and minor scales, the smallest interval of

the semitone occurs most frequently, the interval of a tone a little less frequently, the minor third much less frequently, and so on in rapidly descending frequencies to the intervals beyond the fifth that are hardly used at all. Such facts have not yet been ascertained with all the breadth that would justify our stating the rule categorically for music. But we are certainly justified in asserting it as a highly probable rule or law.

Careful consideration of this rule and of its counterparts in the resolution of discords, along with the feelings or experiences aroused in the ear by the different melodic intervals, leads us to believe that the shorter steps in melody are used more frequently because they are more cogent, more motional (melodically). Apart from psychological redundancy, this simply means that they move more, they are more melodic. Each interval, then, has a certain melodic effect which is the greater the shorter the interval.

Now, if a composer is to write a melody at all, he must use a majority of short intervals. For it is a *sine qua non* of melody that it should move : it must be, in this sense, predominantly melodic, whatever its form may be. But, of course, no composer is bound to keep the melodic force constant throughout the whole of it. He may, indeed, do so if he wishes to produce the effect of steady melodic speed. But the other intervals enable him to vary the effects of melodic speed, to produce arrests or gapse in motion, to heighten these by contrast, and so on. So it is childish to say that he could break the rule of small intervals by using a large one. On the contrary, he then uses the rule in such a way as to produce one of the effects upon the ear that are included in the rule. In order to break the rule, he would have to be able to produce the effect of strong melodic motion by using a large interval. And that is, *ex hypothesi*, or by the present probabilities of the rule, impossible. For the rule says this effect is graded inversely to the size of the interval.

But, you may argue, he certainly could break the rule in this way, as has often been done. He would know how to do it in ways you cannot state or foresee. Ways, yes ; devices, if you like. Scientifically, that implies that he has at his command factors or conditions which, joined to a large interval, lend the effect of cogent motion.

One of these devices or conditions (apart from all matters of time and rhythm) is well known—the consonance of the interval. The statistics of melody show that the consonant intervals are more frequent than they should be, or than they would be if the law of frequency were smoothly regular in its decrease with size of interval. At each consonant interval there is a rise in the frequency, so that even the octave occurs several times. But relatively to the number of times the

smallest intervals occur, the octave and the other large intervals hardly occur at all.

Doubtless there are other conditions that alter the predominating laws of frequency. Consonant intervals are favoured in resolutions in so far as the other voices move by short steps (at least in classical music): in modern music we find more freedom in this respect, for the same need is not felt for frequent recurrence of the commoner, more consonant chords. It should not be long before the majority of these factors governing melodic cogency have been worked out statistically in some breadth. The statistical form of enunciation will protect them against the prejudice and opposition that has been roused by the simple statement of categorical laws derived from long analytic study of classical music by teachers of composition. But essentially the results are the same, apart from the greater precision of the statistical study.

It will always fall to the composer to choose and create. Scientific laws will instruct him rapidly in the causes and effects operating in music. But we do not create merely by knowing or under the guidance of knowledge. Besides cogency, melody requires a form. Every work of music must have its own form, its sequences or trains of effects that, working on the mind of the listener, produce in him the emotional or aesthetic effect conceived by the artist. Having been instructed and trained, the composer will always rather conceive these effects by intuitive spontaneous feeling than put them together by critical purposive thought, though the latter method is by no means excluded by the creative mind. But, whatever he does, he can only use effects produced by the basal conditions already known or by others discovered by himself. He cannot make effects without conditions. He cannot make definite conditions produce effects contrary to those hitherto produced by them. He must obey the laws of music. He cannot do otherwise, no matter how he may try. He can do as he likes, compose what he likes, in any conceivable form or sequence of effects. But the stuff he pours into these forms has its essential nature already fixed and unalterable: just as much as the nature of iron, granite, marble and wood is fixed for the architect; or better, just as the qualities of the colours and their psychological compatibilities are essentially fixed for the painter.

Modern music may be tired of the eternal short steps of melodies and may have resolved to break the rule by writing melodies with frequent large intervals. Let those who do so beware lest the long beams fail to bear the weights put upon them; or let them see to it that they discover forces able to lend them sufficient strength to carry the ear over the gaps. There are many such songs that are simply not

songs at all, however much singing they may involve. The voice, indeed, is dotted into the music in successive notes and the whole may be beautiful music. But the voice does not form one of its melodies. Novelties of this kind cannot well escape the fate of degeneracy, which overwhelms those who allow the quest of novelty in art to dissolve the essential conditions of the beautiful in that art.

The same course of thought may be illustrated with the problem of consecutive fifths. The rule against them has always been the paragon of rules in music. And in modern music anyone can write whole trains of them. It needs no great master now to break this old rule. And with it, everyone admits, the strongest and last rule that ever attempted to bind composers has vanished. There are now no rules in music. And no pedant may any longer be so presumptuous as to set his petty foot-rule against the inspirations of genius.

And yet one of the latest musical publications shows Sir Charles Stanford, like Macfarren in his time, protesting that "fifths were prohibited because they were ugly, and they are as ugly now as they have ever been, as they ever will be, world without end"; "because their ugliness most probably depends upon natural phenomena and not upon individual taste."^{*} And with this surely everyone must agree. Played deliberately, with no accompanying sounds, consecutive fifths are always ugly. Ugly here, of course, as usual, means relatively ugly. Some sequences of sound—for example, consecutive major sevenths—are surely uglier still; others are more beautiful, as consecutive thirds and sixths. But the term ugly does not mean effectless or colourless. Consecutive fifths thus played have a certain character of their own, which is fixed and immutable in so far as the mind hearing them remains the same and hears from the same general point of view, *e.g.*, the point of view of classical harmonic music. A mind at the point of view of primitive music that is predominantly homophonic, may well accept them as a mere embellishment or added sonority of the melody, just as modern composers hear added sixths and other seconds as an extra sonority or vibration in the common chord. But in the general setting of classical harmony the consecutive fifths are undoubtedly ugly.

But that does not imply that they, and the effect they produce even within this setting, can never be used by the musical artist. Some harmonic writers have used them to produce an archaic effect; for we associate them with the archaic organum music. (Any such associative suggestions, however, are rather trivial matters.) And there is no reason why fifths may not be used to excite and to utilise aesthetically

* Proc. Mus. Assoc., 1922, 47, 40.

by contrast the relatively ugly effects inherent in fifths. They produce a sour, harsh, flat feeling that in many imaginative works may be very useful.

But even this does not mean that any rule of music has been broken or transcended. Classical harmonic music from Bach to Brahms limited itself to a certain range of musical processes. Music had to be essentially "paraphonic": that is to say, there were always a number of voices or parts more or less prominently present; these voices persisted as voices, and all their steps, leaps and movements were designed so as to make it easy and pleasant for the mind to follow them; they had to flow smoothly and clearly alongside (*para*) one another. The inevitable consequence was that any obscurity of movement amongst the voices, any confusion or conflict between them, was relatively and decidedly ugly in its degree. There is no right or wrong about all this. It is merely a matter of fact. The self-chosen scope of beauty of this art does not imply that no musical art lies outside it. Classical music involves all that makes primitive music and the music of the common triads possible. And doubtless it will itself be included in some later music—possibly "modern" music—that thus may claim the merit of having progressed beyond it. But the scope of classical harmonic music is a very self-consistent, delicately felt and graded, and practically closed system of effects. It consciously and definitely excluded bare and unblended consecutive fifths from its realm, and there can be no doubt whatever that in this it was overwhelmingly justified. The effect regularly produced by consecutive fifths (and other such sequences) did not fit into its system, and so it could not help to support it or widen it. But this does not imply that some other system might not be formed that could adopt and employ the effect of such consecutives.

Harmonic music, or music of the paraphonic period, could only tolerate fifths that were rectified and made paraphonic by the action of accompanying tones and other conditions. Discords accompanying either or both of the fifths, their incidence upon tonic and dominant chords, the cogency of the voices passing through them, and the like made them paraphonic enough for the requirements of this musical style. We have here the same process of mental compensation between the effects of different conditions as we found in the case of the large melodic intervals that become more cogent in virtue of their consonance.

And consecutives show us also the same feature of grading as we

* "Paraphony" is the term Prof. Watt adopts, and shows good reason for adopting, in order to name the middle zone of harmony between extreme consonance and extreme dissonance. See, *Foundations of Music*, Camb. Univ. Press, 1919, p. 155, *et seq.*—[Ed.]

found in these intervals. The unparaphonic character of consecutives of the same kind is worst in the octave, less in the fifth, and still less in the fourth. But the process is not confined to the consonances. It is essentially the same in the discords, consecutives of which are (or were) also forbidden. More truly, their ugliness, their lack of paraphony, their power to upset the clear and even flow of the voices passing through their notes, is relatively greater in the minor second and major seventh than in the major second and minor seventh, and still less or absent in the thirds and sixths.

There is another grading in respect of the voices in which the notes of the interval appear—the outer voices giving the worst effect, then come the bass and an inner, the soprano and an inner, and lastly the inner voices. Where only one of the intervals in question is used, a single octave or fifth is worst in the outer voices, but it is not noticeably ugly in the inner voices. And therefore any device that will lessen the paraphonic effect of an interval must be used in the outer voices. Such a device is that of contrary motion of the voices. And thus we get the *rationale* of the treatment of so-called hidden consecutives. But they are neither consecutive nor hidden. They are simply the intervals that they are—octave and fifth—essentially unparaphonic; and this character, being relatively weak, is annulled by contrary motion. The effect of contrary motion in itself is to make the voices more easily distinguished or to distinguish them for the listener from one another, just as differences of *timbre* do.

The grading of effects is seen very clearly in the effect of the number of voices that are concurrent. Every new voice introduces new conditions or forces that operate on those that were there already. These new forces may augment or diminish effects. But the musical use of extra voices is to heighten paraphony, to enable the voices to move alongside one another more pleasantly and clearly, without confusion. And by their use effects that were ugly in two voices become tolerable in three, and pleasant in four, and unnoticeable in five, and so on. In counterpoint note against note there is very little scope for variety, for all the consonant intervals are barred because of their unparaphonic nature, no sequences of the same intervals are admissible because the species offers no means of rendering them paraphonic, single consonant intervals have to be improved by contrary motion, and so on.

The work of the science of music, which must primarily be psychological, is to unravel all these strands of cause and effect and to state them in proper form, showing how their combination and complication make special laws and special effects. In so far as they are accurate and valid, these laws will for ever bind the composer, for they are the nature of the material in which he works. He can change them as

little as a sculptor can alter the specific gravity of his marble. The musician will doubtless discover new realms with the laws that appertain to them, which he will be the first to hear or to feel, if not to formulate. And yet some day science may outpace his wonderful progress; who knows?

But, in any case, the laws of the real world will never foretell the kind of figure or form into which the artist will carve the matter he works with. In this respect his creative will is relatively unfettered. But neither the processes of his own mind that creates, nor those of his kindred who taste and criticise, can be altered by human power. Genius is not caprice, but the finest, subtlest, most complicated form of human mind, freest and yet most restrained.

HENRY J. WATT.

THE JONSONIAN MASQUE

Throughout the history of almost any form of artistic creation, it is noticeable that, in such forms in which one age excelled, other and succeeding ages are often incapable of any excellence in that form, and are only able to express themselves characteristically in some other totally different artistic medium. In this respect, we can at once refer to the apparent inability of the fifteenth century to produce poetry of any merit whatsoever; it is still more remarkable that such a powerful and popular means of expression as the drama should be virtually unknown in Europe for a period of almost a thousand years.

Another instance of this is afforded in the neglect and quick oblivion which was the fate of the English masque, following upon the period of its extraordinary popularity under the early Stuart Kings. This is all the more strange when we consider the development to which it had attained, and the possibilities which even its brief vogue had already indicated. "Never in England was an art so handsomely served as the masque under James I. and Charles I." The cost of production was usually about six thousand pounds, while in such exceptional cases as that presented by the Gentleinen of Gray's Inn in 1684, Shirley's "Triumph of Peace," at least twenty thousand pounds was lavished on the spectacle.

The masque itself was no new thing and is, in effect, a genuine development from the dances and masquerades which were customary at every European Court. As far back as the time of Edward III., we have records and descriptions of functions which clearly show this. The custom of introducing the masquers by torch bearers, which persisted throughout the whole period of the existence of the masque, is here first intimated. In any case, it would be quite safe to say that the germ of it had existed for about two hundred years under the various names of mummings, disguisings, masques, entertainments, barriers and devices. Although little discrimination seems to have been used in the application of these terms, yet it is only the masques and devisings which were definitely associated with dancing.

Some faint foreshadowings of its later splendour can be observed under Elizabeth, but the desperate frugality of "Oriana" prevented the masque from attaining to its full development under her rule. In

James, however, Ben Jonson found a King who not only appreciated his poetry and his learning, but whose tastes (together with those of his Queen) were naturally inclined to artistic exhibition of any kind. Coming, too, as they did, from an experience of the poverty of the Scottish Exchequer, they were apt to imagine the resources of the English Crown to be almost unlimited.

Even with these encouragements, however, it must not be imagined that the pitch of perfection to which the masque attained under Jonson's guidance was necessarily inevitable. For better or worse, the dramatist seized upon this new art form, and found in it the means to give play to a poetical faculty, which found little or no outlet in the drama. The manner in which he chose to develop it was almost invariably dictated by artistic and literary considerations; his eager desire to reproduce a genuine historical setting in each case is a proof of his sincerity. In this respect, the hosts of learned annotations appended to several of the masques show Jonson even finicking in his wish to have the background and incidental details as true to history as human knowledge could make it.

There is little doubt that Jonson owed his position as masque producer for the Court to the success which he achieved in the entertainment provided by him for Lord Spencer at Althorpe. From 1604, the date of the production of his first masque (if we except the two included in "*Cynthia's Revels*"—1600), up to the time of his death in 1637, Jonson produced an almost continuous succession of masques for the Court (to the number of twenty-five). These were performed in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall, usually at Christmas time or early in January.

Even at the time when Jonson definitely took up the writing of masques, they had already arrived at something which was practically a fixed conventional form. Historically considered, the real basis of the masque is in the dances associated with it. Later, however, as other and more important possibilities showed themselves, the dances took up their places as a concession to the insistent demands of a frivolous audience. The thing which really makes the masque in its more mature development is the conception of the spectacle in the mind of the poet, the artistic machinery used—poetry, music, apparel, scenic effect, and dancing—being brought in as the situation demanded. In no sense can it be regarded as a mere conventional framework, in which the inventions of the dancing master and the dexterity of his pupils could be most charmingly exhibited.

The action proper resolves itself into three divisions corresponding with the execution of the three main dances. Usually a song or a spoken poetical prologue was given before the masques made their

entry to the accompaniment of the "loud music." They then proceeded to a prepared dancing platform, where they gave the first main dance, sometimes referred to as "the Entry dance." This was usually a figure dance of a stately nature, rehearsed very carefully beforehand under the supervision of the dancing master. (Thus, in the case of the "Masque of Queens," by Jonson in 1609, one of the set dances was arranged so as to "graphically dispose itself into the letters of the Duke of York's name—CHARLES"). This dance was usually succeeded by a song to allow the dancers to regain their breath, after which the second figure dance (or "The Main," as it was usually called) was performed. After a short interval, which might be fitted in with a song or poetic dialogue, the "measures" were danced by the masquers, but this time in the body of the hall. This dance can be identified with the pavan, a slow and stately dance, which was much in favour in England at the time. The masquers then found partners among the spectators, and the "revels" began. These were danced in the body of the hall and were usually the quick and lively dances but recently introduced from Italy, such as lavoltas, galliards and corantos. Judging from many contemporary comments upon the character of these "new-fangled" dances, it seems that their introduction caused as much consternation among the more sober-minded section of the community as the arrival of the new American dances has caused in modern times. When the revels were ended and another song had been sung, the masquers prepared for the third and last of their platform dances. After this the grand exit was made, the musicians once more "discoursing the loud music."

It would be well at this point to notice the disposition of things actually in the room itself. The hall was oblong and divided into two main divisions. In the lower half the spectators were accommodated and the dancing itself took place, while the upper half was reserved solely for the scenic and acting display. At the end of the lower half the King and Queen were installed in state, while round about scaffoldings (or "boxes" as we should now call them) were provided for the favoured nobles and ladies of the Court who were not participating in the Masque. Seats in the scaffoldings were much coveted, and in Massinger's "City Madam," we find Anne telling Lacy that before she consented to marry him she would require "a friend at Court to place me at a masque." Such other spectators as were able to gain admittance—usually through "wangling" by some of the Household staff—generally disposed themselves about the body of the lower hall.

In the centre of this lower half was the dancing platform itself,

raised a little above the level of the rest of the floor and cut off from the upper half by means of a movable screen. Round about the platform those musicians who provided the dance-music were seated. This was often simply of the tabor and pipe variety, but on an occasion such as that of Alfonso Ferrabosco's setting for the "Masque of the Twelve Queens" we have something a little more elaborate, as we find "the music for the first measure set for cornets" and that of the "second for violins."

Steps were provided leading from the dancing platform to the upper hall, where two or three platforms were provided, rising higher and higher, and each connected by steps. On the highest of these platforms the main body of musicians who made the "loud music" at the entry and exit and on other occasions were accommodated. On one of the lower platforms the masquers themselves were concealed in a "concave shell," or "suspended cloud," or in some other suitable device, which the ingenuity of the Master Surveyor had provided, until such time as their sudden emergence might be desired. The remaining platform was reserved for the necessary stage apparatus, and was fitted with levers and such mechanical appliances as were needed for the manipulation of the scenic changes.

Such, in effect, was the theatre in which Jonson, Jones, Ferrabosco and Giles collaborated. The redoubtable Inigo had plenty of opportunity for displaying his invention, and for putting into use the experience he had gained in Italy under similar circumstances. There is no doubt that his side of the entertainment was always singularly successful. Jonson himself petulantly admits the effectiveness of the Master Surveyor's art:—

"O shows, shows, mighty shows,
The eloquence of masques."

And again:—

"Painting and carpentry are the soul of masques."

His sudden change effects from sunshine to storm or *vice versa* and from the anti-masque scene to that of the masque proper were all greeted with astonishment. The Bower of Chloris, as provided for the last of Jonson's masques, "Chloridia," was usually admitted to be his spectacular masterpiece. Such scene painting as was

necessary was done by Nicholas Laniere, who dabbled in painting as well as in music, or by some other member of the Laniere family, all of whom, like Inigo Jones, had been trained up in this branch of their art in Italy. The work of the musicians—the Ferraboscas, the Lanieres, Simon Ives and many others—was fairly well defined and merely consisted in the composition of “notes” for the Grand Entry and Exit, for the dances, and for the songs. The work of Thomas Giles and M. Hierome Herne consisted in the invention and rehearsal of the three figure dances and extended not a thought further.

In the case of Jonson, however, his share was neither defined nor adequate. His, indeed, was the conception of the spectacle and the arrangement of the characters, dialogues, songs and scenes. By him the poetical idea of the masque was explained to his collaborators, who immediately applied their several arts as the setting required. Not enough scope, however, was given to Jonson for the writing of poetry—a short introductory speech, the lyrics themselves and an occasional dialogue were all that was required of him. Indeed, at first, when Jones and Jonson were working harmoniously together, the dramatist himself seemed anxious not to interrupt the progress of the spectacle with poetical harangues. Later, however, as he became more fully aware of the literary possibilities of the masque, it became evident to him that it was not only desirable but absolutely necessary that the literary framework should be filled in, if the masque was not to degenerate into a mere succession of dances and pageants.

At first Jonson sought to make the introductory speech more pretentious and imposing, but soon realised that this was quite impracticable. In the first place the masquers were all huddled together in the elegantly contrived device disposed somewhere on one of the upper platforms. Eagerly waiting, as they were, for the time of the Grand Entry, and condemned by the Master Surveyor to cram themselves into a “concave shell” until that time, it is not difficult to imagine what their attitude would be towards this new development. In the second place, the audience themselves were always impatient for the pageant to begin, while the music had already stirred their spirits and their feet. James himself was an inveterate offender in this respect, and always interrupted the speeches with loud injunctions to get on with the dancing. Even when the first figure dance had been executed he often desired it to be repeated. In the 1619 masque, provided by the Inner Temple and Gray’s Inn, and written for them by Beaumont, a quaint dance was performed by “four Cupides . . . attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body like naked boys . . .” which so pleased the monarch that he called

out even more insistently than usual to have it again. When it was discovered that one of the Cupids had already undressed and disappeared, the King was so angry that nothing else in the masque could be found to please him.

The suggestion for the anti-masque, which was the outcome of this dilemma, apparently came from the Queen herself. Jonson's first two masques (those of "Blackness" and of "Beauty") had already been performed, with her suggestion, and were absolutely antithetic in conception. Indeed, the one might very well be used as the anti-masque of the other. It is probable, then, that this suggested to her Majesty that there might, with advantage, be a preliminary spectacle which would "have the place of a foil or false masque" to the real exhibition which was to follow.

In the "Masque of Queens" (1609) Jonson was careful to comply with her Majesty's wishes, and an anti-masque of twelve witches was introduced as the "foil" to the real "Masque of the Twelve Queens." The dances of the anti-masque were similarly designed to contrast with those of the masque proper—

" . . . at which with a strange and sudden music, they (the witches) fell into a magical dance, full of preposterous change and gesticulation . . . who, at their meetings, do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip . . . and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies . . . and which were excellently imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne. . . . "

The function of this new addition soon became well defined, and we find Bacon describing the correct *dramatis personæ* of the anti-masque, as consisting of "Foolies, Satyres, Baboones, Wilde Men, Antiques and Beastes." "If the Grand Entry was to be the apotheosis of Beauty, the prelude would be a revel in the ugly and horrible—the witches and their evil-smelling cauldron would precede the advance of the Queens in a cloud of perfume." If the dances of the masque people were stately and decorous, those of the anti-masque would be grotesque and licentious.

The new device was certainly very successful as a substitute for the long introductory speech, and guaranteed the quick and effective arrest of the attention of the audience. Indeed, it soon became evident that the anti-masque was likely to attain to such popularity that the masque itself would come somewhat in the nature of an anti-climax. It is only with an effort that we can turn from the gay to the grave, while the opposite transition is made with no sort of difficulty whatever. Thus, in later masques, such as "Pan's Anniversary," we

find Jonson providing a second anti-masque, while other writers, such as D'Avenant, often confined themselves to the presentation of numberless short anti-masques, with the perfunctory addition of the masque itself at the end.

At the outset, Jonson had laid down that the anti-masque should "sort with the current and the whole force of the device," but in no case did he succeed so well as in his first attempt. Indeed, in some of the later masques he himself was guilty of those extravagances which became so noticeable in later masque-writers, and which soon made for the speedy deterioration of the art.

This was seen when he came to write his anti-masques in prose dialogue. Here we have Jonson deliberately thrusting in the whole gross machinery of his comedy of humours. He was quite unable, in his later years, to keep out the realistic and satirical spirit of his plays, and the delicate framework of the masque inevitably collapsed under the strain. In the so-called Irish and Welsh masques we have rustics speaking in the broadest dialect and airing their mother-wit in the broadest of humour. During the action of the "Masque of the Fortunate Isles" (1624), Skelton and Scogan—together with other disreputable figures of the fifteenth century, such as Elinor Rummyngh and long Meg of Westminster—are introduced "in like habits as they lived," while Jonson himself makes a few experiments in Skeltonics. In the "Metamorphosed Gipsies" we have Jonson deliberately pandering to the more lascivious tastes of James and the Court. Often there is a definite attempt to satirise some prevailing absurdity of the times (as in "News from the New World discovered in the Moon," 1621, ridiculing the extravagant reports of the chronicles of the times) and it is here that the masque is frankly encroaching on the domains of the drama. It would be possible, at this point, to draw an amusing parallel between these new developments of the masque and the present day spectacle of the deterioration of English ballad opera into musical comedy. At any rate, in the "Masque of Augurs," 1622, the introduction of a Dutchman, Vangoose, speaking absurd broken English, and another character with a trio of dancing bears, would seem to compare somewhat with the excesses for which a certain well-known revue producer of to-day has been severely criticised.

It is probable that Jonson was fully aware of the mischief he was making, and when, in 1631, after a short interval, he wrote his last two masques, "Love's Triumph through Callipolis" and "Chloridia," we find him apparently repentant and prepared to make amends. Here he gets above the excessive realism of some of his earlier masques, and the poetry is delicate and beautiful.

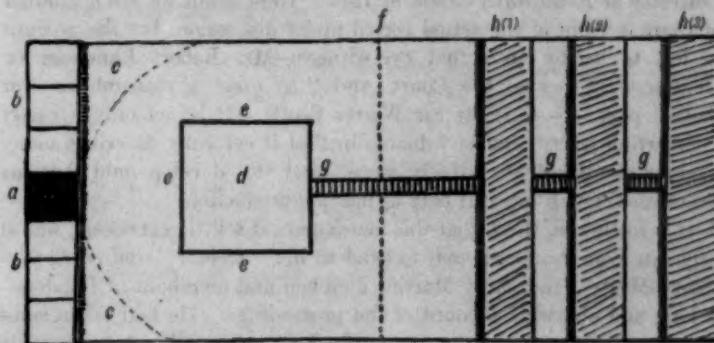
The following is a Grand Chorus from "Chloridia." ". . . the

Nymphs, Rivers and Fountains, with the Spring, sing this rejoicing song" :—

" Run out, all the floods, in joy, with your silver feet,
 And haste to meet
 Th' enamoured Spring,
 For whom the warbling fountains sing
 The story of the Flowers,
 Preserved by the hours,
 At June's soft command and Iris' showers,
 Sent to quench jealousy and all those powers
 Of love's rebellions war.
 Whilst Chloris sits, a shining star
 To crown and grace our jolly song, made long
 To the notes that we bring, to glad the Spring." *

Although contemporary comments and descriptions are by no means numerous (and, unfortunately, nearly always somewhat vague), it will nevertheless be interesting to attempt to call up some picture of the spectacle under the actual conditions at the time.

The diagram provided below is drawn up chiefly from hints and suggestions made clear by passages in the libretti and various other sources, but can be taken as a fairly reliable indication of the conditions which obtained in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall when a masque was being performed. It must be clearly understood that this diagram has not the authority of any existing document behind it.



THE BANQUETING HALL AT WHITEHALL.

- (a) The Royal Box.
- (b) "Scaffoldings" for the Nobles and Ladies of the Court.
- (c) Indiscriminate audience.
- (d) Dancing platform.
- (e) Musicians who provided the Dance Music.
- (f) Movable screen.
- (g) Steps leading from dancing-platform to upper galleries.
- (h) Platforms rising higher and higher and connected by steps.
 - (1) Musicians who "discoursed the loud music."
 - (2) Concealed Masques.
 - (3) Mechanical appliances.

To get some idea of the dresses worn proves itself to be a more troublesome task. There is a plate, reproduced in Planché's "General History of Costume in Europe" and elsewhere, which represents an incident in the masque at the marriage of Sir Henry Unton. This was actually staged many years before Jonson himself took up masque-writing. One is inclined to imagine, however, that in spite of extraordinary developments, in most respects, under James I., old ideas as to *dramatis personæ* and their dress, together with notions as to the general spectacular basis of the masque, probably persisted for some time. In any case, if we imagine the somewhat richer and more elaborate background, which Jones would undoubtedly have provided, the plate will be useful in suggesting the type of setting which found favour at Whitehall. There are still to be seen, too, some sketches of various masque characters, apparently drawn by Inigo Jones himself. Unfortunately, these are nearly all much too vague to be of any help to us.

With regard to written descriptions, here also the style is generally so discursive that it is only possible to single out an occasional salient point here and there. Much can be learnt, of course, from an actual reading of the stage directions in some of the more characteristic libretti, while Daniel has left us a description of his own "Vision of the Twelve Goddesses," which was performed in 1604. By far the most interesting, however, is that describing the entertainments provided for Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit to the Earl of Leicester at Kenilworth Castle in 1575. Here again we are a number of years in front of the actual period under discussion, but the account is left to us by an actual eye-witness—Mr. Robert Laneham (a Gentleman Usher at the Court, and "as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper"—to quote Sir Walter Scott). It is not only a vastly "diverting tract," but is valuable in that it carefully describes many pageant conventions, which were later to develop and become established as an integral part of masque-production.

It is fortunate, then, that this gentleman, if a little garrulous, was at any rate considerate enough to send to his "freend" and correspondent—Master Humphrey Martin, a citizen and merchant of London—a long and elaborate account of the proceedings. He had taken some "notes and observations . . . (for I cannot be idle, at any rate, in the world)" and had written them up for Master Humphrey's benefit, ". . . as well to put from me suspicion of sluggishness, as to take you from any doubt of my forgetfulness of your friendship."

Actually, Her Majesty remained at Kenilworth for almost three weeks, and apparently the worthy Leicester was, on occasions, rather hard pressed to sustain the pitch of the entertainment. On one day

there was a bear fight provided, while on another an Italian enthralled the company with his

" goings, twinings, tumblings, castings, hops, jumps, leaps, skips, springs, gambols, summersets, caperings and flights."

It is interesting to notice, however, that masque methods are followed, in that the Queen was repeatedly confronted with persons dressed up as mythological characters, who declaimed poetry to her. Naturally this was generally of that eulogistic order, which she loved and practically demanded from her courtiers. Early in the narrative we read :—

" . . . and when Her Majesty entered the Gate, there stood Hercules for Porter, who seemed to be amazed at such a presence, upon such a sudden, proffered to stay them. But at last being overcome by view of the rare beauty and princely countenance of Her Majesty, yielded himself and his charge, presenting the keys unto Her Highness, with these words :—

" What dainty darling's here? Oh, God, a peerless pearl;
No worldly wight, no doubt, some sovereign Goddess sure.
Come, come, most perfect paragon, pass on with joy and
bliss. . . . "

A week later, as she was returning from the chase :—

" . . . there came upon (her) a swimming mermaid (that from top to tail was eighteen feet long) Triton, Neptune's blaster, who with his trumpet formed of a wrinkled whelk . . . gave sound very shrill and sonorous."

The unusual disposition of the musical instruments in the following device might have provided Jones with some new 'motif' for a masque, had he been aware of the precedent :—

" . . . later (Her Majesty came upon) Arion, that excellent and famous musician, in tire and appointment strange . . . riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin, that from head to tail was four and twenty feet long . . . (and) began a delectable ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noise compounded of six several instruments, all covert, casting sound from the dolphin's belly within. . . . "

Some other of the comments on the music are also interesting :—

" At the . . . entry of the gate, was Her Highness received with a fresh harmony of flutes "

Or again :—

" . . . this (pageant) was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets and such other loud music. . . . "

On other occasions we are given long descriptions of the "barriers" (or mock tourneys between two bodies of knights), which have already been referred to as possibly responsible for some features of the masque; also of morrice-dancing, which has been identified, by some, with some of the dances of the anti-masque:—

" After divine service in the parish church for the Sabbath day. . . . a solemn bridal of a proper couple was appointed: set in order in the tilt-yard to come and make them show before the Castle in the great Court, where was pight a comely Quintain for feats at arms.

" . . . after these horsemen, a lively morrice-dance according to the ancient manner: six dancers, Maid Marian, and the fool. Then three pretty pucelles, as bright as a breast of bacon. . . . "

The following extract is particularly interesting in that it suggests a possible ethnological origin for the "barrier" itself:—

" . . . and hereto followed as good a sport, methought presented in an historical cue, by certain good-hearted men of Coventry. . . . made petition that they might renew now their old storial show . . . of argument how the Danes, by outrage, and insupportable insolency . . . were all dispatched and the Realm rid (in the year 1012).

" The thing, they said, is grounded in story, and for pastime wont to be played in our City yearly: without ill example of manners, papistry, or any superstition: and else did so occupy the heads of a number, that, likely enough, would have had worse meditations: had an ancient beginning and a long continuance till now of late laid down, they knew no cause why, unless it was by the zeal of certain of their preachers: men very commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime."

But, to turn from Mr. Laneham (whose interesting account is only indirectly relevant) to some sort of consideration of the dances, we shall find that we are again handicapped by the fact that nothing in the nature of a complete score has come down to us. Mr. W. J. Lawrence, indeed, has recently unearthed a collection of masque tunes of the period, and has quoted some in an earlier number of this magazine. This, however, is a somewhat haphazard assortment, and their context-significance is thus not felt. Indeed, in many cases, Mr. Lawrence has been unable even to identify them.

Fortunately, however, there is still available to us " . . . a copy of the Old Measures of the Inner Temple, London, as they were first begun and taught by Robert Holeman, a Dancing Master before 1640, and continued ever since in the Inner Temple." These were written out by some gentleman (probably of the Inner Temple himself), who

signs himself as Mr. Butler Buggins. They are bound up with some songs, copied out in the same hand, which the worthy gentleman no doubt wrote out for his private use; at a rough guess, I should put the copy down as dating back from the early part of the eighteenth century.

On the first page there is something interesting. Mr. Buggins has carefully copied out the following stanza. There is no explanation for its inclusion given, except the title itself—"An Holy Dance" :—

"Holy Sister, please you to dance
With a Holy Brother for recreation.
Not as the wicked do—nor as
Hemini and Gemini in the wilderness.
But leading on to virtue and back from vice retireing
Not on this side, nor on that side,
Nor profanely turning round,
But as the Spirit mooves us."

This invitation to dance probably corresponds with a similar convention in the masque itself. It will be remembered that, after the second or Main Dance had been executed, it was the custom for the masquers themselves to take their partners from amongst the spectators, and join in the "Revels" with them, in the body of the Hall. At first this was begun rather uncertainly. As far back as 1590 Edward Hall, the chronicler, in writing up an account of a "maske" of the time, observes that the masquers asked the "ladies to daunce with them." This caused some little consternation. ". . . and some that knew not the fashion of it . . . refused, because it was a thing not commonly sene." This natural timidity on the part of the ladies was continued later as a kind of discreet but deliberate bashfulness, which gave the masque writer an opportunity to make the "invitation to dance" a definite item in the scheme. Thus, in the "Treasury of Music" (collected by William Webbe in 1669), there is copied a "Song at a masque to invite the ladies to dance." The words themselves are given below :—

"Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide
The joys for which you so provide.
If not to mingle with us men,
What make you here? Go home again!
Your dressings do confess,
By what we see, to curious parts
Of Pallas' and Arachne's arts,
That you could mean no less."

The dances actually described by Mr. Buggins are the "Quadrian Pavin," the "House Measure," the "Earle of Essex measure," the

"Treky Lorny," the "Tenternayle," two "round measures"—the "Old Almane" and the "Queen's Almane" respectively, together with two other Almanes, the "Sissilea" and the "Black." Now, it is well known that the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn were second only to the Court itself in their zeal for the production of masques and entertainments. Indeed, on several occasions, they arranged masques for the express edification of the King, and came up to Whitehall specially to perform them before him (notably, in one case, where they had prepared a masque with more elaboration than usual, and were informed, when they arrived, that James was too "sleepie" to receive them). In any case, I would suggest that these descriptions of the Temple dances, so thoughtfully provided for us by Mr. Butler Buggins, are, for all intents and purposes, identical with those danced at the Court at the time.

They are interesting in that they show that the Art of Dancing during this period was no mere haphazard achievement. At any rate, the conciseness of the technical phraseology would seem to suggest this. Thus the Treky Lorny is "detailed" as follows:—

"A double forwards and a double back four times, two singles sides, and a double forwards and a double back, four times and so end."

while the Tenternayle is probably a novelty, and is as complicated and unusual as the name itself:—

"A double forwards and a double back once, then take your woman by the right hand and glide two glides and a double round in armes both ways, then a double forwards and a double back three times, then take the woman by the right hand and glide two singles and a double round in armes both ways and so end."

It has been the custom to dismiss the masque in a somewhat perfunctory way as a thing much too ephemeral to be of any worth, and as being of too artificial a nature to have persisted for any length of time. Nevertheless, there is "inherent in the masque, a freshness, an abandon, and a total absence of self-consciousness" which is sustained longer and more strongly than in any other branch of Jacobean literature. Part of the inevitable decay, no doubt, came from within, but, in the main, the masque was the victim of circumstances. It was unlikely that so fresh and fine a growth (at any rate, in conception, if scarcely in execution) should survive in the cynical atmosphere of the Court.

If, however, it had done so, many possibilities might have been opened out for literature and music. Indeed, it is noticeable that in

the masque there is scope for artistic endeavour of every kind. It is a medium even more elastic than the music-drama of Wagner for the accommodation and simultaneous presentation of many arts, each working together towards some definitely conceived end. It is not usually realised how quickly the Court musicians availed themselves of the new Italian operatic methods of Peri and Caccini. As early as 1617, in the masque of "Lovers Made Men," Nicholas Laniero had set the whole prose dialogue in the Italian method, "in *stile recitativo*." Here we have the spectacle of the English masque of the seventeenth century eagerly pressing forward to a richness of consummation, which was denied to the settings of the Metastasian libretti until the beginning of the eighteenth.

Further, although the masque itself is probably of continental origin and the name itself is foreign, yet in its development from the fourteenth century onwards it is a peculiarly English product. In France it was eagerly seized upon, and although it did not attain to the rapid maturity of the English masque, yet it was destined to be much more persistent in that country. It eventually evolved into the *ballet d'action*, which has been the characteristic feature of almost every French opera written since that time. Had it been consistently maintained in England until the arrival of Purcell, it might have made possible the beginnings of a tradition of English opera; we should have been able to look upon our country as a serious rival to Italy in her position as the pioneer of operatic music.

JEFFREY MARK.

Bibliography:—Paul Ryher, "Les Masques Anglais"; Gregory Smith, "Ben Jonson"; H. A. Evans, "English Masques"; J. R. Planche, "Cyclopedia of Costume," Vol. II. General History of Costume in Europe (pp. 389-401).

A FAR-EASTERN GATEWAY

Music in Shanghai was placed in a curious predicament when Germany declared war. Two circumstances, the connection of which was apparently unforeseen, combined to create a situation that forced music into almost every discussion in the early days. The first of these was that Shanghai was (and is), an International Foreign Settlement,* and the second was that the public, which was predominantly British and pro-Ally, found itself saddled with a municipal orchestra of some forty players consisting of German and Austrian leaders, with Manila musicians (natives of the Philippine Islands) as second and third players. The whole band was under the direction of a German conductor, Herr Rudolf Buck, upon whom the German Government had recently conferred the title of "Professor." I remember that during intervals in the concerts given at this time, the Manilamen occupied a room apart from their European superiors, and to this day I wonder how the Manilamen managed to exist in so expensive a place as Shanghai on the pay they received. Boston's position, with the notorious Dr. Karl Muck as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, was simplicity itself, at that time, compared with Shanghai's engagement of Professor Buck and his men. So long as Dr. Muck, in Boston, confined his energies to "music as usual," Boston's neutral inhabitants would have to listen to him. In Shanghai, however, drafts of young men had left by every available ship, whilst Germans of military age were called to the defence of Tsintau.

Soon, the casualty lists began to come in, and by the time the *Lusitania* was sunk, British ratepayers, who far exceeded in numbers the nationals of any enemy country, would have none of Germany's music discoursed by German players. For the first six months of hostilities there sat upon the International Council Herr von Finck, manager in Shanghai of the Deutsche-Asiatische Bank. The International Council had not declared war on Germany, and at that time China itself had not entered on the side of the Allies. So closely were we watched that the regular singing of Bach in the English Cathedral, under the present writer, and the continued playing of him on the organ were matters noted with satisfaction (genuine or

* Chinese are unrepresented on the Council, which consists of "foreigners" under extra-territorial rights.

ironical) by German residents, and details of our services were reported in the local German Press.

But the time was to come in Boston when Karl Muck was sent to Europe. Public opinion had crystallised. And that was how it also happened in Shanghai, that no German could get himself returned to the Council, the German and Austrian Companies of the Settlement's Defence force were disbanded, and enemy subjects were not allowed to take part in public performances of the orchestra.

In the next two years a mixed band of the original Manilamen, with a few other " neutrals," played under an assistant conductor of Dutch nationality; but they were insufficiently equipped for the serious winter concerts. The climate dictates out-of-door music for five months of the year and forbids it for the remainder, so that the organisation requires an orchestra that shall be convertible into a military band. Players must put away their strings and prepare to spend sultry afternoons and evenings in the uncomfortable occupation of blowing wind through tubes in a direction precisely opposite to that which common sense and the human frame at high temperatures require. An exception was the leader of the first violins, who was only called upon to conduct in the open air. He, however, had been taken prisoner at the fall of Tsintau. The harpist, who was also a good 'cellist and baritone singer, was found to have employed himself further in the procuring and secreting of some explosive machines, and he was dismissed. The Council was probably right in concluding that the bombs were for purposes other than orchestral. The Prussian trumpeter was no more heard; the first clarinet and the greater number of soloists, including an excellent first horn, who had played in the first performance of Tchaikovsky's " Pathetic " Symphony, were quietly removed. They either got away or were eventually deported with the rest of their compatriots when China at length came into the war.

The beginning of 1917 saw the municipal orchestra of Shanghai in need of players to replace the skilled Germans and Austrians who had been removed. No Allied country seemed to be open to us by any route: we were cut off from the rest of the musical world. When the Red Revolution came in Russia the last line of connection with Europe closed. The Trans-Siberian Railway, which we had used right up to then, and which had taken me out again to my post only a few weeks before (connecting at Petrograd with the Finnish, Swedish and Norwegian lines straight to Newcastle), soon ceased to run; though for a time it kept on, as things will in a country like Russia, out of habit and routine. For a long time trains ran from station to station across Siberia, until even the local lines failed, as decay of the system set in and organisation collapsed. Districts declared their own choice

of government, and the country split up in spite of efforts of the various military missions to preserve unity.

Shanghai played its part in sending clothes, hospital stores and books for our troops in Siberia, and began to receive in return a stream of refugees—priests, painters, poets, musicians, actors, artisans and nondescripts, who had worked their way from European Russia, impelled eastward by the terror and desolation closing in behind. Heifetz, and Sklarevski the pianist, both escaped from Russia by its eastern outlet, and appeared in Shanghai before ever they were heard in America or Europe. Sklarevski had been Principal of the musical conservatoire at Saratov. Mischa Weisbrod, who appeared in London this last season, took two years to play his way out of the route across Siberia, going from town to town with his father, his violin, and the piano parts of concertos and recital pieces. He was thirteen when he arrived in Shanghai, and played the Mendelssohn, Ernst, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky and Glazounov concertos. This amazing youth seemed prepared to play as many more, as well as dozens of virtuoso pieces; but more remarkable still was his expressed desire to give up appearing as a "prodigy" (in his own words, "like a monkey in a cage"), and get to Europe to study and grow up under a fine teacher.

The port was swarming with musical artists by this time, all eager to play, teach, sing, act or lecture anywhere, if only an audience and pupils could be attracted. But the public was nothing like large enough to support so many. The "Moscow Trio" and two sextets came to a stop in their travels, or made short trips to Java and Japan giving concerts. Such as were able to secure passages went to the United States. Sykora the 'cello virtuoso, Mirovitch the pianist, Piastro the violinist, and a piano executant named Gillersberg, amongst others, secured good attendances. Chamber music was less well supported, and musical partnerships were dissolved as opportunities arose for one or two members to venture out as touring soloists, finding their way to all sorts of unlikely places.

Opera singers from all parts of Russia collected in Japan, and formed a company to tour the towns of the Far East wherever there was a theatre within reach of steamer and rail. The difficulties and handicaps were immense, as few towns could fill their theatres nightly even with a different opera at each performance. In Shanghai eighteen separate operas were performed in less than a month.

Daniloff the Moscow tenor, Mlle. Burskaya (formerly well known in Russia), Hochloff, and others were of the company. On five successive evenings I heard Hochloff give amazingly dramatic accounts of leading rôles in *La Tosca* (as Scarpia), *Boris Godounov*, *Rigoletto*, *The Barber of Seville*, and Rubinstein's *Il Demonio*. *Carmen* and

Aida were given three times, *Boris* three times, *Faust* and *Madame Butterfly* twice. Daniloff, who was under treatment for throat trouble (he was reported to have slept in railway trucks in Siberia), had to abandon *The Queen of Spades* after half an act, and the money was returned at the doors. Everything was in Russian, and there were interminably long waits between the acts.

I had been asked by the Editor of the *China Press* (a morning paper) to try to help matters by supplying some account of these performances. What I wrote had to be handed in after the opera, which did not begin until half-past nine, and I was kept up until the small hours for each new work, save one—on the night Daniloff collapsed. Scenery was just what the theatre could make do, but I never saw any breakdown in the "properties," or hitches during acts. There were these interminable waits, and the Russian language, which together proved in the end too much for the patience of our theatre-going public. My recollections of that time are summed up in admiration for the efforts of the people on the stage, and the memory of scribbling notices under an office lamp, trying to get the public to book its tickets, drawing attention to much that was remarkably good and passing over inevitable shortcomings. The names of the various conductors for these eighteen operas escape me at the moment, but a M. Vassilieff undertook the bigger works and secured a good deal of unanimity, vigour and life in acts that might be expected to drag, as in the circumstances sufficient rehearsal was quite impossible.

About this time a pianist arrived on tour from Java and America who was also a brilliant conductor. This was Mario Paci, who undertook to reorganise the municipal orchestra and the military band, provided he was allowed to place an assistant in charge for the open-air work. His leader was Siroido, the first violin of the "Moscow Trio." Many of the refugee musicians were glad enough to be employed, but were not always reliable in attendance at rehearsals. Paci had a real love for the classics, and that rare quality of getting from his men better playing than that of which ordinarily they seemed to be capable. In a trial season his vivacious personality and exuberant treatment of most kinds of music won him the keen support of the musical section of the public, and in less than two years he was commissioned by the Council to come to Europe to secure permanent players and to purchase complete new sets of wind and brass instruments and quantities of modern music. Under Mario Paci orchestral music has more than regained the position it held in the days of Herr Buck. It was always a matter of difficulty to induce Professor Buck to play anything but German music. Paci's Mozart is warm and delicate in the Italian manner. In Beethoven, his virtue is that the orchestra is

asked to play mostly the works that "come off" best. Manilamen are temperamentally better fitted for modern music that is picturesque and vividly coloured than for "absolute" music of the classical period. There is always the drawback of the lower standard of stock military-band arrangements that form the greater part of these players' repertory during the summer months.

An orchestra composed of Europeans entirely (entailing the expense of providing regular furlough) must for a long time continue to be a financial impossibility. For orchestral music to gain very much by all-white players, the open-air music would have to be raised to a higher level. A "Band Committee" of business men is not an ideal body to face temporary unpopularity in a matter of this sort, unless it can be converted to the view that good music always pays in the end. To this conversion I devoted a good deal of my time, and though results were not always encouraging, despair was impossible in a place teeming with such lively interests. Successful business men, who have presumably become so by the exercise of enterprise and initiative, have a most extraordinary reluctance to apply either of these qualities to art when it is a public matter. Honourable exceptions to this rule in Shanghai and elsewhere are all the more admirable.

The English cathedral, at which I was choirmaster for twelve years, has a cathedral school of about eighty British boys, sons of residents, and the gentlemen of the choir are all voluntary. A school for girls, slightly greater in numbers, is under the same Board of Governors. On occasions, the cathedral choir (drawn from the boys' school) joined with the girls in programmes of English folk-song. The whole musical atmosphere was very much like England, and the air of suspicion with which any musical innovations were apt to be received was certainly no more damping than the attitude of many congregations in England. If one succeeded in getting experiments tried which turned out well, there was plenty of incentive to try again. In such an outpost everything tends to move faster, *either forwards or backwards*, than in more stable communities. There is no tradition except what you make by your own practice and example. Englishmen in the Treaty ports are not Colonials, and they all plan to come back to their own country sooner or later. They do not all manage to get back, and I suppose I must count myself one of the lucky ones. The new modern organ for which I worked and hoped for twelve years is to go up next year, and will serve to present organ literature under more favourable conditions than were afforded me. That, and the friendships formed during twelve years, constitute for me the "Call of the East."

A single occasion that afforded me musical pleasure of the purely

selfish kind, was an evening in May, 1919, when Paci arranged to end his orchestral season with a concert at which composers resident in the port should conduct their own works. Italian and Russian compositions formed the whole of the programme, except for an orchestral prelude of mine which had been written some years before for an amateur society. We were by this time, complete again up to four horns, three trombones (German type, without slides!) and harp; but, through accident a bassoon player was missing: his place was supplied by a Manilaman saxophone player, who toned down his instrument sufficiently by tying a handkerchief over the bell. We all enjoyed ourselves, in spite of the heat, and promised each other many more such evenings. Of those other composers, one has settled in Hong Kong as pianist and teacher, some have gone to America or Canada, and others still remain in this cosmopolitan clearing-house of the Far East, which had afforded hospitality in some cases, a means of livelihood in others, and to all protection and security.

R. B. HUNNY.

BRASS INSTRUMENTS IN THE ORCHESTRA

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

FROM about the end of the sixteenth century, when it first becomes possible to trace the beginnings of the growth which slowly developed into the completed orchestral organisation of the nineteenth century, trumpet and trombone parts can always be found in some full scores. Indeed, there is no period during the last three centuries of which it can be said that these heaviest brass voices were entirely absent from the orchestra.

In the first stage of its growth, that is, up to about the third quarter of the seventeenth century, orchestras were of two sorts only, the church and the opera orchestra. The concert orchestra was as yet unknown. Trombone parts appear freely in the scores of seventeenth century church music, and even before that time. Some of the earliest examples of written orchestral music extant, the Sacred Symphonies of Giovanni Gabrielli, dated 1597, show trombone parts in which the instruments are treated polyphonically in exactly the same manner as were the voices and the other orchestral instruments of the time. Throughout the seventeenth century trombones were consistently used in the larger churches in Italy, but always in conjunction with choral voices, and normally in unison with the vocal parts of corresponding pitch, except the soprano part, which was commonly duplicated by the old *cornetti*. Thus, the orchestra under the direction of Legrenzi (1625-1690) at St. Mark's, Venice, is known to have included three trombones and two *cornetti*. Seventeenth century German composers, from Schütz to Buxtehude, likewise often supported their choral parts in unison by trombones and *cornetti*. This custom survived, as is well known, during the time of Bach, after which the treble *cornetti* began to disappear; yet the use of trombones to support choral vocal parts in sacred music continued throughout the whole of the eighteenth century, and in that capacity trombone parts make frequent appearances in the scores of oratorios and masses by Haydn, Mozart and their contemporaries. In the case of opera, however, only a few isolated instances of trombone parts occur in the scores of seventeenth century works. A notable case is Monteverde's opera *Orfeo* (1607), where four trombones are demanded in the introductory remarks, but no specific parts for these instruments appear in the actual score.

They would probably be used to play the parts suitable to their compass in those numbers of the opera which are directed to be played by "all instruments." Another noteworthy instance occurs in Cesti's *Pomo d'Oro* (Vienna, 1668), but here the parts are written out plainly, in conjunction with *cornetti* and bassoons, in solid harmony.

During the first half of the eighteenth century trombones appear to have vanished almost entirely from opera orchestras. Mattheson, writing in 1718, says that "trombones were seldom used except in churches and for solemn occasions"; but soon after the mid-century they began to take their place in the theatre again, this time for always. Some of the later Vienna operas by Gluck and most of his Paris operas, operas by Gossec and other composers who wrote for the Paris stage, include trombone parts for the usual group of three. Incidentally, Gluck's Italian score of his *Orfeo* (Vienna, 1762) shows what is possibly one of the last instances in which the old *cornetto* is written as the upper voice in conjunction with the trombone trio.

Mozart and his contemporaries, particularly those who wrote opera for Vienna and Paris, made frequent demands for trombones in their dramatic scores, and soon after the beginning of the nineteenth century grand opera scores in Italy, France, Germany and England show these instruments firmly established members of the operatic orchestra. Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Spontini, Boieldieu, Cherubini and many lesser composers of the same period wrote for three, although occasionally for only one, trombone in the scores of their operas, the Germans specifying alto, tenor and bass instruments, while with the French and Italian composers the prevailing custom was to score for three tenor trombones.

It was in the first quarter of the nineteenth century that trombones began to find their way into the concert orchestra. Beethoven and Schubert appear as pioneers in this respect, although very possibly some of their now forgotten contemporaries may be entitled to share the honour. The next generation—Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Berlioz—in varying degree allowed trombones to take part in their symphonies and concert overtures, yet it was not till after their time that these instruments gained a really firm footing in symphonic and concert works, thus lagging behind the opera orchestra by at least half a century.

A highly organised form of trumpet-playing was cultivated and flourished almost before the birth of the orchestra. This species of fanfare-playing for trumpets in five parts, with drums, existed quite independently of either church or operatic musical organisation, and was used in connection with the festivities, military and otherwise, the dramatic performances, feasts and other functions of the royal and

noble houses in civilised Europe during the sixteenth century. The organisation provided that trumpeters were trained specially to play one of five different types of part, each lying in a different part of the register of the natural instrument. Thus, the highest or *clarino* part, for example, covered the highest octave of the natural instrument, while the player of the lowest part (called in Germany *Flattergrob*) appears to have specialised in playing only one low note. When the orchestra began to take definite shape, early in the seventeenth century, this whole trumpet-playing organisation appears to have been requisitioned occasionally in order to supply suitable introductory flourishes, as in the oft-quoted five-part introduction to Monteverde's *Orfeo*. Specific trumpet parts appear only occasionally in opera or other scores of the first half of the seventeenth century, but become fairly common after the mid-century. When used orchestrally, it was the two upper or *clarino* parts that survived, and, although the extreme low trumpet parts dropped out of use altogether, a third or *principale* part, playing as low as the third open note of the harmonic series, was still cultivated and appears frequently in scores till about the middle of the eighteenth century. Numerous duet-like high florid trumpet parts from seventeenth century scores might be instanced from the works of such as Pallavicino, Stradella, A. Scarlatti, Purcell and others. Lulli and his successors Collase, Charpentier and Destouches wrote rather less florid parts, and sometimes for three or even four trumpets; similar groupings may be found in the works of the once popular composer of opera, Agostino Steffani (1655-1729), composer, ambassador, statesman and church dignitary.

The period of Bach and Handel showed the cultivation of the high *clarino* part carried to excess in the efforts of composers to make their trumpets play as did their violins and oboes, also the survival of the third or *principale* part. Composers after Bach and Handel were unanimous in rejecting the screaming *clarino* part; the trumpet then soon settled down to its medium register and was played usually in two parts over a compass lying between the third and twelfth open notes, with an occasional excursion up to the high C. Such were the parts of Mozart, Haydn and all the early "classical" composers.

Little further progress was made till the valve trumpet began to be used in some orchestras soon after 1880, and then, but not till then, did the trumpet begin to take its place as the upper voice in association with the harmony of trombones.

The very earliest trumpet parts are for instruments in either C or D, the changeable shank being known, at all events, as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century. Other shanks appeared gradually during the eighteenth century, till, just before the advent of

the valve trumpet, a whole collection comprising the keys of low B flat, C, D, E flat, E and F were in general use, and others in low A, B natural, D flat, G and G flat, and even in high A and A flat, were used less commonly. With the increasing use of the valve the shanks used gradually decreased in number till the close of the last century, when only trumpets in high B flat, high A and F remained. The practice of muting trumpets was known at least as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century and had the effect of raising the pitch of the instrument one tone.

The use of the French horn in the orchestra dates from very early in the eighteenth century. A few isolated parts for hunting horns may be found in seventeenth century scores, such as, for example, the parts in Lulli's *La Princesse d'Elide* (1664), and two still earlier, but doubtful, cases in an opera by Cavalli dated 1689, also a part for "coarse horn" in a German *Singspiel* (1644) by J. G. Staden. Such as these, however, must be counted as exceptional; but when Keiser (in 1705), Handel and A. Scarlatti (in 1715) began writing occasional horn parts in their opera scores, these instruments, as it transpired, had joined the orchestral family for good. Mattheson, in his "Das Neu-eröffnete Orchestre" (1713), writes that "Waldhörner have lately come into use for church, theatre and chamber music." There can be no doubt as to the welcome extended to the newcomer, for by about 1725 horn parts had become quite common in Italian and German scores, and had only a few years to wait before they gained admittance into the opera orchestra at Paris.

The very earliest horn parts are more or less melodic and florid in style, and, indeed, became more and more florid as time went on. This lively style of horn part prevailed during the Bach-Handel period and was, in its activity, not unlike the *clarino* style of trumpet part. The beginning of the change to the less active Mozart-Haydn style of horn part can be discerned in the works of the transition composers, such as Hasse, the two Grauns, Telemann and Schürmann amongst the Germans, and Rameau as representing the transition in France. The "classical" type of horn part is too well known to require any comment beyond that it was less florid and lower in pitch than the earlier eighteenth century type. The next development came consequent on the discovery by Hampel about 1760 of the possibility of producing certain chromatic notes by means of what is known as "stopping" the horn. Up till then, and before "stopping" came into general use, the horn appears to have been held in hunting-fashion with the bell upwards. In spite of Hampel's discovery in the eighteenth century, stopped notes do not often occur in scores till the period of Beethoven and Schubert.

As in the case of trumpets, the invention of the lengthening-valve by Stölzel and Bluhmel about 1814 was destined in the end to drive the hand-horn completely out of the orchestra; but something like half a century had to elapse before the victory of the valve-horn could be reckoned quite complete. The first valve-horn parts began to appear in full scores about 1830 to 1835, yet many composers, including Mendelssohn and even Berlioz, were still obliged to write for the old instruments, with, however, a free use of chromatic stopped notes.

The earliest horn parts show that the instruments were commonly pitched in the key of F, but Keiser's "Octavia" parts are for C horns, Handel's "Radamisto" parts for D horns, and Mattheson mentions also a horn in G. These four keys appear fairly consistently till about 1740, after which time the available number of crooks quickly multiplied, till, by the end of the century, a whole array, covering practically every semitone from low B flat to high C, were liable to be demanded. The use of the valve actually did away with the necessity for frequent change of crook, and finally gave the horn what is practically a fixed length of about 12 ft., sounding the open notes of the harmonic series of F.

The story of the only remaining member of the brass family in the orchestra, the tuba, is comparatively short. Even eighteenth century composers seemed to feel the want of a low wind voice which should be more powerful than the bassoon and, at the same time, more flexible than the bass trombone. Their choice fell on the serpent, a low-pitched member of the old *cornetti*, and on its lineal successor the ophicleide. During the first half of the nineteenth century either the serpent or the ophicleide fulfilled this want in operas and oratorio orchestras, till the invention and development of the lengthening valve brought into being a new type of instrument, the low-pitched saxhorn, called tuba or bombardon. Shortly after the mid-century the tuba began to establish itself in place of the ophicleide in the opera orchestra, and finally found its way as a companion to the trombone trio into the realm of concert and symphonic music.

ADAM CARSE.

THE FLUTE AND ITS POWERS OF EXPRESSION

Un petit roseau m'a suffi
Pour faire frémir l'herbe haute.

—thus M. Henri de Régnier—poet, novelist and academician—loved by flautists because he loves the flute. He has extolled it in verse and prose, in the poems of his youth and in *La Pécheresse*,* a novel of his manhood entirely taken up with the exploits of an amateur flautist. Unfortunately his book contains one gross technical error, repeated like a sort of *leit-motiv*; he makes his hero puff out his cheeks to play the flute†; but for that, *La Pécheresse* would have a place of honour on the bookshelves of every follower of Pan.

However, if the novelist is mistaken, the poet has the root of the matter in him. He has got into two fine lines what it would take a technical writer pages to expound. M. de Régnier brings the flute back to its proper business. It is, first and foremost, an instrument of expression, and it achieves expression by remaining within its peculiar limits. Whether he plays on a Quantz with one key, or a Devienne with four, or a Tulou with thirteen, or the modern instrument perfected by Boehm, the flautist must never forget that he is playing on a reed, perfected but still a reed, and that any attempt to enlarge his boundaries will lead to disaster.

Such attempts have, alas! been made, and that is why an instrument of the front rank in the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries went quite out of fashion and was neglected by the composers of the XIXth. The flautists themselves are to blame. It would be true to say that the great virtuosos of the last century—men like Berbiguier, Tulou, Demersseman, Nicholson and Drouet‡—did more harm to their instrument, in spite of their undoubted mastery of it, than the clumsiest amateur could ever have done.

As long as the flute was a true pastoral instrument, of tender pathos

* Edition du Mercure de France, 1920.

† The breath passes through a tiny opening between the lips, which consequently have to be pinched—the exact opposite of M. de Régnier's prescription.

‡ Berbiguier b. 1782, Drouet d. 1873.—[Ed.]

or graceful agility, the greatest composers—Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and to some extent Beethoven—cared for it and wrote masterpieces for it. But the moment flautists tried to compete with violinists, giving themselves over to fireworks and the expression of hectic sentiment, people of good taste would have no more to do with them. Except for a few orchestral pieces, there is not a page of flute music by Mendelssohn, Schumann or Brahms—to take only those three; and so it will remain, as long as flautists turn themselves into mechanical birds and fill their melodies with meaningless ornament.

Towards 1860 a young French flautist appeared whose immense talent and musical feeling completely changed the habits of his time. Paul Taffanel* left the Conservatoire just when the flautists' repertory contained nothing but airs with variations and potpourris, all beneath contempt; compared with the effusions of Tulou and Demersseman, the music of Thalberg and Herz is high art. Taffanel began by playing these things, but he soon saw that they were unworthy both of himself and his public. The more his powers of execution grew, the more refined became his taste. And he began to make discoveries. Mozart's concertos, neglected for the last fifty years in favour of Tulou's, began to be heard at concerts. Bach's sonatas, those wonders, long buried in the dust of libraries, awakened to find a real interpreter. He was the first, at any rate in France, to find out the meaning of these works, which his colleagues thought dull and badly written for the instrument.†

In 1876 he launched a society of chamber music for wind instruments, and from that moment the flute crept back to the place it ought never to have left. Audiences came. Composers began once more to care for an instrument that had been neglected and misunderstood. Rivals sprang up, and the virtuoso of the concert platform was no longer a mere acrobat. It became clear at last that without cascades of notes, with a moderate compass and a modest dynamic scale, this little instrument could reach a high pitch of musical feeling. This is reflected in modern compositions. The rational employment of the flute by the XXth century is due, no doubt, to the example of the XVIIIth. Who can say that the opening phrase of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* is not an echo of a performance of Bach or Glück? At any rate Debussy has this in common with the old masters, that he never asks of our sweet-toned instrument what it cannot give.

It does not detract from the merit of many modern pieces to say that the Golden Age of the flute was the XVIIIth century, and more

* B. 1844 at Bordeaux, d. 1908 at Paris.

† It is the fact, though hardly credible, that down to 1893 Bach sonatas were not taught in the flute class (under Altes) at the Conservatoire.

especially the period 1720-1780. The proof lies in the enormous mass of music in our libraries, little known and hardly at all re-edited. Alike in France, Germany and Great Britain, the flute was then the instrument of aristocracy and even of royalty. In the education of a gentleman the flute took its part, together with hunting, shooting and tennis. The flute was forced into the hand of any young aristocrat with a leaning towards music. Louis XIV. did not himself play it, but Descoteaux's flute-recitals at Versailles were by command. Later on, La Popelinière, the wealthy farmer-general, had his portrait done with a flute in his hand. Then, of course, there was Frederick the Great. Every evening this statesman-philosopher turned into a professional flautist, and plied his task more devotedly than many a professed musician. What German *Junker* would have dared resist this royal example? Snobbery, often maligned, is an angel in disguise; it has often procured us masterpieces.

It was impossible, indeed, for a composer of reputation to neglect an instrument affected by so many persons of quality. Whether of their own motion or for some other reason, all the composers of the XVIIIth century wrote, to a greater or less extent, for the flute. Before he reached England, Handel had already published three sonatas for flute and bass.* Later, when his collection of 15 sonatas for divers instruments with continuo appeared, seven were for flute, two for hautbois and six for violin—a curious proportion to our way of thinking.

It was for Frederick that Bach wrote his amazing *Musikalisches Opfer* and, in particular, the beautiful Trio Sonata which is its apex. Perhaps he was thinking of him, too, in his three sonatas for flute and clavier, his three sonatas for flute and bass, the suite in B mi., the Brandenburg concerto in D ma., the concerto in A, the concerto for two flutes and violin. At any rate, we may rejoice that a social fashion, futile enough in itself, hatched so many important works.

Mozart, in order to turn an honest penny as well as to satisfy exalted wishes, wrote his two concertos for flute and orchestra, the concerto with harp, the andante for flute and orchestra and three quartets in which the flute plays the part of a first violin. If we can find no trace of the concertos of Haydn mentioned in the catalogues of his time, we have at any rate three trios (in which the cello practically doubles the continuo) and the sonata in G major with its touching Adagio.

Besides the four masters who dominate their epoch there are less illustrious composers—Telemann, Hasse, J. Ch. Bach, Marcello, Leonardo Vinci, John Stanley, Daniel Purcell, Boismortier. These

* Published hitherto by the *Handel-Gesellschaft* without inner parts, but in course of publication by Rudall Carte. [— as soon as the conditions of printing permit of it.—Ed.]

have left a fair number of examples of their interest in an instrument which they did not play, and which was only an incident in their whole work. But then comes the huge contribution of the actual flautists, since in those days every virtuoso thought it his duty to write for his instrument. It would take pages of this magazine to detail the works of Quantz, Lœillet, La Barre, Blavet, Naudot, the great Frederick himself and the rest of them, tireless writers all. Their works appear in books of six, eight, or twelve sonatas. Of sonatas for flute and bass alone we know 36 by Lœillet, 18 by Blavet, and, if his editors are to be believed, 125 by Frederick the Great.*

And in spite of it all there are musicians who say to me in all good faith—"What a pity that your repertory is so limited!"

Of course, we must select. They are not all masterpieces, and in all this mass there is poverty and repetition in plenty. The great fault of these countless sonatas is that they have all gone into one mould—a slow movement, an allegro, another slow movement and a final allegro. Some composers can't, and others won't take the trouble to, vary their original formula. Lœillet, for instance, ends his first sonata with a gigue, is satisfied, and perpetuates it. All these gigues are as alike as sisters and we soon begin to confuse them. We get from it all a feeling of impotence. But we cannot accuse Handel of impotence. His application of ready-made formulae is pure negligence, or hurry to get to the end of what is only secondary work. We often find that some Adagios and some Allegros in 4/4 have a family likeness with other works of his, and, what is far worse, a certain monotony. In those cases the flute music could equally well be played by hautboy or violin.† But directly the piece exhibits the true flute character we get real inspiration.

THE CHARACTER OF THE FLUTE.

Melancholy sweetness. I have already noticed this as one of the typical and predominant qualities of the flute. Three examples occur to me, all built, curiously enough, on the same rhythm, the Sicilienne. They belong to the same school, they are of unequal value, but all are singularly expressive. The first is Bach's well-known Sicilienne, which some miscreant has incurred the wrath of heaven by transcribing and robbing of three-quarters of its charm. It is the second movement of the E flat sonata for flute and clavier.

* 25 of these have been scored and published by Breitkopf. They are amiable trifles which fill their place worthily in the general output of the age.

† — and was nearly always published in that form.

Ex. 1. J.S. Bach, *Sicilienne*

Bach has not been over-strict with the rhythm. The germ of the *Sicilienne* is the dotted-quaver-semiquaver-quaver figure, and it occurs only incidentally and only in the flute part. The whole of the clavier part has an equable flow of limpid semiquavers, and the perforation

Ex. 2. J.S. Bach, *Sicilienne*

unites the two instruments in the same tranquil rhythm. However, we will not take Bach up at a word. *Sicilienne* or not, this piece is exquisite in its purity, limpidity and gentle melancholy. But just try it on some other instrument—a violin, for instance. It at once becomes dramatic and bombastic and its grace goes. It is the poet's reed alone that can catch these accents, as it were of an exile resigned to his lot.

This melancholy is as happily expressed in an *Andante* by John Stanley—a true *Sicilienne*, this time, which, however, by some freak of fate has not been so named by its composer. It is the first movement of the first of eight "*Solos for a German Flute*" by the blind organist of the Temple Church.

Ex. 3. John Stanley, *Sicilienne*

There is the same gentleness, the same melancholy, the same simplicity. And we find it again, with perhaps an added intensity of

expression, in the Sicilienne of Blavet's sonata in G mi., third movement, which a prominent English critic pronounced to be "comparable to Bach's Siciliennes."

Ex. 4. Blavet, *Sicilienne*



I have chosen, in these three, characteristic and peculiarly happy examples of what we might call, in XVIIIth century phrase, music "de tendres plaintes." Now I must ask leave to make a big jump forward and compare with these three pieces a modern master's expression of the same sentiment. What better example could one find than that short piece of Debussy—"La Flute de Pan," which reaches piquant melancholy by the very simplest means.

Ex. 5. Debussy, *La Flute de Pan*

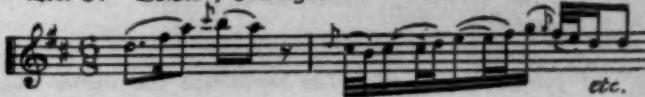


The whole piece would be worth quoting. There is no repetition of theme, no reminiscence; nothing of the kind. And just as it was easy, in spite of the absence of any programme, to discover a feeling of melancholy in the three pieces just mentioned, so with this piece of Debussy, programme music as it is—in fact, a lament was exactly what the composer had to express—this modern master uses, you see, exactly the same technique; he has a long-breathed phrase, he employs the lower octave, he indulges in no temperamental explosions, he confines himself to the severest and soberest expression of great mental suffering.

Pathos. Must we say that the expression of more intense feelings are beyond the powers of the flute? No; the flute can reach pathos, too, but the instances are rare, so rare that I can think only of two in which it compassed the sublime—and it took genius to do that. Once more Bach, and with him Glück.

Bach ennobles all he touches. Out of a theme which, from another pen, would be merely dignified, he, with the same instruments, the same compass, with almost the same design and the same harmonies, erects a monument. He has reached one of these pinnacles of the art once at least, as I think, in his set of sonatas for flute and clavier. Everyone knows this splendid page. It is the second movement (Adagio) of the B mi. sonata. The first movement is a long, ingenious, learned conversation in three parts between the flute and the clavier—a colossus playing at a kind of contrapuntal patience and taking pleasure in the long-drawn tangle. I have often watched the audience when these erudite pages are being played. Only highly cultivated musicians get from them unalloyed pleasure. Then comes the Adagio.

Ex. 6. Bach, *Adagio*



Suddenly we are on the heights. Our lungs expand in the life-giving air. The writing is just as scholarly as before, but we forget about it and hear only this phrase, virile and serene. It holds not the musicians only but the whole room, the ignorant as well as the informed. The piece is one long crescendo, a piling up to a climax, which does not come, if I am right, till the last two bars.

Ex. 7.



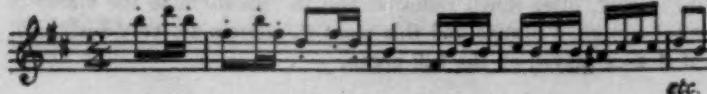
That is why, after much reflexion and in opposition to the marks of several editors, I always end this piece *ff, allargando*, very sustained, as if it were played on the full organ.

This brings me to another page even better known, a page which will long continue to be one of music's monuments—the *Scène des champs Elysées* in *Orpheus*. Berlioz has analysed it admirably in his *Traité d'Orchestration*, quoting it as a perfect model of the way to employ the flute. I refer the reader to that passage, to which I have nothing to add. All I would do is to make a small request to my colleagues of the violin, and even of the piano. Will they, both of them, refrain from performing the wretched transcriptions that have been made of it? They ought not to lay hands on a work which was never written for them and which under a bow, even a magical bow, sets on edge the teeth of any man of taste. The violin and the piano repertoires contain many sublime things; the flute has only a few, and it ought to be left in possession. Then, again, whenever this heart-rending lament in D minor is uttered, it ought to follow and be followed by the slow minuet in F, without which it loses all meaning and proportion. To refrain from adding head and feet to an ancient statue which lacks them is praiseworthy discretion, but to take a Venus which has come down to us whole and to amputate and decapitate her is a piece of intolerable vandalism. Alas! music has more than once, to my knowledge, had to endure this high-treason at the hands of celebrated artists, and no one in the audience took upon himself to protest.

Wit and gaiety. From what has been said the reader might conclude that the only home I can find for my instrument is in the land of elegy. This would make the flautist into a kind of cry-baby, like Greuze's maidens who turn to heaven eyes of sempiternal tears. I have no such ridiculous thought. The flute is, as anyone can see, a nimble instrument, ready to conquer any difficulty and entirely in its place in undertaking rapid and brilliant passages. What is regrettable is that the flute has been relegated exclusively to elegiac music in forgetfulness of its expressive qualities. It is inadmissible to ask of it any thing like force or majestic pomp, but wit we may ask; and of witty sentiments there are plenty of examples.

To find them we shall look again in the inexhaustible Bach. He has achieved the paradox of writing the wittiest, gayest page of all his works without leaving the minor mode. Everyone knows that delicious *Badinerie* which constitutes the *finale* of the overture (or suite) in B mi. for flute and string orchestra.

Ex. 8. Bach, *Badinerie*



Try playing the Suite, and especially the *finale*, with the string instruments alone. Without the tone-quality of the flute you will find that the themes become heavy and sticky. In this, as in all else, Bach had a clear eye and a clean touch, and his orchestration gives just that fillip which would otherwise be wanting.

It was this excellent piece that Mendelssohn, to whom we owe the resuscitation of Bach, had perhaps in mind when he wrote the coda of the Scherzo in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a commonplace, rather an amusing one, with amateur flautists to pronounce the music of the XVIIIth century unplayable, or at any rate dull and tame, "because the flute is always in the lower octave." But the most famous orchestral solos (and Mendelssohn's scherzo is one of them) have this peculiarity that they hardly ever leave the XVIIIth century compass. I mention by way of reminder the difficult solo in Lalo's ballet of *Namouna*, or more especially that delightful variation in Saint Saëns's *Ascanio*—an excellent example of the proper way to write for the flute.

Ex. 9. Saint-Saëns, *Ascanio*



Resting, in each of these different cases, on simple string chords, often pizzicato, the flute stands out perfectly clearly from the orchestral mass. And with regard to this I have a remark to submit with all respect to conductors, high and low.

In order to reinforce the tone of the flute-solo they sometimes double or even quadruple the part. They plead in justification of this that a single flute cannot make head against the modern orchestral quartet. But is not this putting the cart before the horse? It is not the business of the soloist to produce more tone in order to drown the orchestra. It is for the accompanying instruments to use such discretion as will not drown the solo player. And then why have these huge orchestral masses for works of this kind? If you have too many violins for a Bach Suite, keep only what are necessary (and, as far as possible, the best) and give the others a rest. Everybody will be the better for it, including the music. The flute player who has a solo in the orchestra ought to play it not only alone but also at his ease, without having to force the tone. Every "doubling" is a clog;

and to put a thoroughbred to a cab-horse is not the way to win a steeplechase.

But this digression has led me aside. I was trying to find some examples, outside orchestral music, of the flute's gaiety. I must go to the XVIIIth century again. The second movement of one of Leonardo Vinci's sonatas, published at London, illustrates this point. There is plenty of gaiety and sprightliness in this Allegro

Ex. 10. Leonardo Vinci, *Allegro*



and the hale and hearty joy which breaks out from Bach's E major Sonata is the very thing to bring any hypochondriac in the audience "out of his dompe";

Ex. 11. Bach, *Allegro*



but a better example of humour in the flute could hardly be given than the Trio of the Scherzo of Mozart's quartet in A ma. for flute and strings [Köch, 298].

This quartet has recently been the subject of a curious discovery, which we owe to my distinguished friend the Comte de Saint-Foix, who collaborated with the late Th. de Wyzewa in that excellent work on Mozart. Written in 1778 and very rarely performed, this quartet, containing an Andante with variations, a minuet and a finale, had never attracted any attention, when M. de Saint-Foix discovered that the finale was only an adaptation of an air in Paisiello's *Gli schiavi per amore*—unless, indeed, Paisiello took his melody from the quartet, which is far less likely.

No doubt Mozart, pressed for time to finish this commissioned work, merely dashed on to paper what he had just heard in the theatre, without adding anything more of importance than his contemporaries would have added. Moreover, the air has hardly any development, and Mozart has given himself the minimum of trouble. But there is something else in the minuet. Its two first repeats are rather pompous, almost heroic, when suddenly there steals in that

little cockney phrase, of which the violinist Henri Marteau said to me one day that it would be enough to cure the gloomiest neurasthenic.

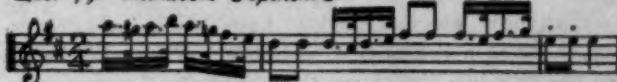
Ex. 12. Mozart, *Menuet*



etc.

At that time there was, whistled up and down the street, a popular song that everybody has since been humming, for it forms the fifth figure in the famous "Lancers."

Ex. 13. *Chanson Populaire*



Here the likeness is obvious. But this transformation into a minuet of a slightly vulgar song in 2/4—and the author of "The Lancers" took good care not to alter the rhythm—could acquire the grace it has here only by a stroke of genius. All the same, it is unfortunate that genius should for once have expended itself on a *caput mortuum*; for how many times in a century and a half has this fascinating work been performed? Chamber-music is passing through a hard crisis in our days, and both the public and the artists seem to be willing to prolong the crisis by their horror of novelty, even when the novelty is a hundred and fifty years old.

I reach the end of this long article and am far from having said all there is to say. I should have liked to speak of the flute as an instrument for variations, and give examples of the two dainty themes with variations in Beethoven's Serenade for flute, violin and viola, or of Schubert's Introduction, Theme and Variations, a real model of what such things should be. I should have had, incidentally, to fall foul of those dismal manufacturers of Airs with Variations and Potpourris who poisoned the atmosphere of the XIXth century with their silly flute music. But we must know when to stop. I have tried to show the flute under its most seductive aspects. It rests with contemporary writers to enrich the flute repertory with novelties without bothering too much about my classifications. After all, there are only two ways of writing for the flute, as for anything else—well and ill: and it is everything to choose the right way.

LOUIS FLEURY.

trans. A. H. F. S.

[There was, unfortunately, no time for the author to correct the proof of the second part of this article.—ED.]

MUSIC OF THE COMMONWEALTH

A CORRECTED CHAPTER IN MUSICAL HISTORY.

DR. CHARLES BURNEY (an historian of standing) sums up the period of the Commonwealth by stating that "ten years of gloomy silence seem to have elapsed before a string was suffered to vibrate or a pipe to breathe aloud in the kingdom." The Rev. Sir F. A. Ouseley, in Naumann's "History of Music," has it that "no public performance of any sort of music was permitted." Latterly, Ernest Ford, in his "History of Music in England"—the latest publication of its kind—expresses the view that "with the Commonwealth the voice of music was altogether silenced. . . . Music of every kind (became) an object of loathing and contempt"; and Dr. Longford, in his "Music and Religion," and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his "History of England," support this view. It is the purpose of this article to correct these and similar statements, to show that during the Interregnum music in England was exceedingly popular and by no means suppressed.

The one objection the Puritans had was to instrumental, elaborately choral and *uncongregational* music in connection with worship. So early as 1586 the Lower House of Convocation included ecclesiastical music and organ-playing among the eighty-four faults and abuses of religion; and although in course of time a reaction set in, the nobility finally joined forces with the Reformers in their eagerness to continue that spoliation which ultimately brought to their pockets the wealth of the monasteries. In 1552 the organ in S. Paul's was silenced. On the accession of Mary, however, a brief reaction set in. According to Froude's description of her Majesty's entry into the capital, "the Lords, surrounded by the shouting multitude, walked in state to S. Paul's, where the choir again sang a *Te Deum*, and the unused organ rolled out once more its mighty volume of music." But Mary's reign was short—five years—and when the Protestants, who had exiled themselves at Geneva, returned under Elizabeth they at once pursued the policy of abolition of all ecclesiastical ceremonies, the choral service being one to which particular exception was taken. In February, 1562 or 1563, a motion to put down "curious singing" and organs, which both fell under the category of image worship, was made in Con-

vocation, but it was lost by one vote. Still, ecclesiastical preferment went to many of these Genevan disciples, and where such was the case the choral service was suppressed; while "not so few as one hundred organs were taken down and the pipes sold to make pewter dishes" about 1567, according to an old tract, still extant, entitled "The Praise of Music." About 1571 an outcry against "playing upon organs, curious singing, and tossing about from side to side" came from the Puritanic element, whilst their confession said that "concerning singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining with one voice in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other with intermingly of organs." By 1586 prayers were offered that "all cathedral churches may be put down where the service of God is grievously abused by piping with organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another, with the squeaking of chanting choristers disguised in white surplices." Prynne, in his "Histrio-Mastix," published in 1633, made even more of the theme. The church music of the period he affirmed *not* to be "the noise of men, but a bleating of brute beasts; choristers bellow the tenor as it were oxen; bark a counterpoint as it were a kennel of dogs; roar out a treble as it were a sort of bulls; and grunt out a bass as if it were a number of hogs."

These were the views of the Puritan party which confronted the Long Parliament on its assembling in 1640. A committee of the House of Lords in 1641 recommended "that the music used in cathedral and collegiate churches be framed with less curiosity, and that no hymns or anthems be used where ditties are framed by private men." An attack upon choirs next followed, the drunken habits of singers being a particular grievance. War followed in 1642. The King unfurled his standard at Nottingham, and almost simultaneously with the event soldiers waged war on the organ at Canterbury, destroyed the service books, and "bestrewed the pavement with leaves." Cromwell called upon the Dean of Ely to stop his choir service, "so unedifying and offensive"; and, on the Dean's refusal, visited Ely in person and brought the service to a standstill. The organ pipes at Westminster Abbey were carried away and bartered for beer. At Winchester and at Norwich the choir books were burned. At Peterborough—in spite of military orders—"two pairs of organs," the library and some monuments—"quite a number"—were destroyed. At Chichester the organ was hewn down with poleaxes; at Exeter the soldiers marched through the streets blowing the pipes which they had detached: and so on. In 1648 organs were included with superstitious monuments," and their complete removal demanded. This was very largely effected by 1646—the conclusion of

the war. Thus church organs passed practically into oblivion until the lapse of more than half a century after the Restoration, and a great and fundamental change came over English music. The influence of these times made itself felt for years afterwards. As late as 1708 Hatton, in his "New View of London," comments on the absence of organs in places of worship. In 1733 Drake, in his "Eboracum," has it that "there is now only one parish church in the whole city of York that possesses an organ, and that came from the Popish chapel."

It is very difficult to account for this long and bitter opposition to chanting and church music generally which came from the Puritan main body; it is difficult to regard it as other than bigotry. True, the example of Calvin may have had something to do with it. It is equally probable that this misguided enthusiasm arose, to some extent, in consequence of the revulsion arising from the glaring abuses which had accumulated in the old Popish worship. Not unlike the Scottish Reformers, they may have entertained the conviction (wrongly, of course) that their attitude was in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament. But the point to remember is this—they were not prejudiced against other than ecclesiastical music. It is a fact that music was prohibited on the Sabbath, and an Act of 1657—"For the better observation of the Lord's Day"—prevented such pastimes as "dauncing," "prophane singing," and "playing upon musical instruments," but only "upon the Day aforesaid." On the remaining six days of the week Republican and Royalist alike were at liberty to make as much music as they liked; and Burney's "ten years of gloomy silence" were, in fact, ten years of merry singing and playing, and the first operas performed in this country were publicly produced during the period of the Commonwealth. Cromwell, Milton and Bunyan, three very diverse types of Puritan, had all vast musical interests in secular life. Oliver Cromwell was passionately fond of music, and John Hingston was the organist who taught the Protector's daughters how to play upon the harpsichord. On State occasions music was much used; Jongestall, one of the Dutch Ambassadors, writing home on April 28, 1654, said: ". . . we were invited to dinner by his Highness the Lord Protector. . . . The music played all the while we were at dinner"; and later, they had more "music and voices." Whitelocke, sent by Cromwell on an embassy to Sweden, was accompanied by musicians whose art so pleased the Queen of Sweden that she asked Whitelocke to send her copies of the English music performed. After the marriage of the Protector's daughter Frances, a news-letter said: ". . . they had forty-eight violins and much mirth with frolics, besides mixt dancing. . . ." Such

pieces of evidence—and they could be multiplied—hardly uphold the generally accepted stories of Puritan austerity.

John Milton—the Protector's Latin secretary—was the next (alleged) suppressor of music, and yet surely letters and music were never so happily united as in him. Brought up from childhood in the society of excellent musicians, it is not surprising that he should allow music to influence his thought and work to a very considerable degree. His father was a very cultured musician, and a composer of not a few things of slender proportions that enjoyed more than local popularity. "The Triumphes of Oriana" (in Queen Elizabeth's honour), published by Thomas Morley in 1601, contains the six-part madrigal "Fayre Orian in the Morne" by the poet's father, and Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalms" (1633) has half a dozen psalms in four parts set by him. Sir William Leighton's highly interesting work, "The Tears or Lamentations of a Sorrowfull Soule" (1614), contains work by the elder Milton, and the names of the other contributors to the volume prove in what high esteem he was held. Undoubtedly, young Milton fully appreciated his father's excellence in this direction. What the son thought of his father's skill and art may be gathered from the Latin sonnet "Ad Patrem," of which the following is a quotation:—

Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur :
Ipse volens Phoëbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

What value he attached to music—as a means of culture and refinement—he has clearly set down in his "Tractate on Education" (1644). In this essay he suggests that the time between the scholars' physical exercises and their meals "may, both with profit and delight, be taken up in creating and composing their travailed spirits with the solemn and divine harmonies of music, heard or learned; either whilst the skilful organist plies his grave and fancied descent in lofty fugues, or the whole symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-studied chords of some choice composer; sometimes the lute or soft organ-stop waiting on elegant voices, either to religious, martial, or civil ditties, which, if wise men and prophets be not extremely out, have a great power over dispositions and manners, to smooth and make them gentle from rustic harshness and dis-tempered passions." It was after leaving Cambridge, and while living

at his father's house at Horton, Bucks., that Milton first took up a serious study of music—probably under Henry Lawes. Milton's "Grand Tour"—the fashion of the age—brought him into contact with not a few expert musicians. At Venice he "shipp'd up a Parcel of Curious and rare Books which he had pick'd up in his Travels, particularly a chest or two of choice Musick-books of the best Masters flourishing about at that time in Italy, namely, Luca Marenzo, Monte Verde, Oratio Vecchi, Cifa, the Prince of Venosa, and several others. . . ." (for Marenzio, Cifra, etc.). At Rome Milton had the good fortune to attend Cardinal Barbarini's famous concerts; Barbarini, who became later Pope Urban VIII., spared no expense, the greatest musicians of the period sought his patronage. On Milton's return he entered into his life's work; throughout his writings he used musical metaphor frequently. Even when dealing with "the driest bones of abstract thesis and proposition" he continually finds opportunities for illustrating his subject with musical references. No need is there to mention the music that pervades Milton's verse, nor the many musical references which the poet makes—references made in a manner so technically correct as to proclaim him as thoroughly versed in the theoretical as in the practical aspect of music.

Bunyan, too, shows a genuine love for music on every other page of his monumental work, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Does he not represent the Interpreter as entertaining his guests with music during meals? And Prudence, Christiana and Mercy, did they not play on the virginals, viol and lute? And once by the roadside "she (Christiana) played them a lesson and Ready-to-Halt would dance. So he took Despondency's daughter, named Much-Afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they went in the road. True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand; but I promise you he footed it well: also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely." It is hardly to be assumed that Bunyan, who in Bedford Gaol played on a flute of his own making, had any quarrel with music. Even the downright Prynne himself admits that "musicke of it selfe is lawfull, usefull, and commendable"; while another Puritan author of his period declares that "musicke is a chearefull recreation to the mind that hath been blunted with serious meditation." And Thomas Fuller, in his "Worthies," writes: "Right glad I am that when music was lately shut out of our churches, on what default of hers I dare not imagine, it hath since been harboured and welcomed in the halls, parlours, and chambers of the primest persons of this nation." Then there was the Puritan wife of the Puritan soldier, Colonel Hutchinson, who said of her husband: "He had a great love to music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly;

he had an exact ear and judgment in other music." The Republican Government itself did not object to music; on the contrary, a Council of Five was set up to deal with musical petitions. One of these actually dealt with the raising of the standard of music, which had fallen since the Cathedral choirs had been dispersed. Parliament even undertook the payment of those of the Royal musicians who were left in a straitened condition by the financial irregularities of Charles I.

The printing and publishing of music went on apace during this period supposed to be devoid of it, and the first regular music publisher—John Playford—established himself. The publications were not confined to sober ditties; such rollicking tunes as are to be found in John Hilton's "Catch that Catch Can" of 1652 and 1658 were among the number. John Playford issued in 1655 his "Court Ayres," and in the same year (and again in 1659) reprinted "Parthenia—or the Maydenhead of the first Musick that ever was printed for the Virginalls" from the original of 1611. This important work has compositions by John Bull, William Byrd and Orlando Gibbons. Playford widely advertised the "Madrigals of Willbye," the "Ayres of Campion" and the "Ballets of Morley" at this time, but he met with no opposition from those in authority. It was in 1650 that he first published his "Dancing Master"—a collection of airs for the violin and used for country fairs; in the same year appeared "A New Book for the Cithren," a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. The next year saw the issue of "A Musical Banquet" (also preserved in the Bodleian), whilst 1652 saw the appearance of a couple of outstanding works—"Choice Ayres and Dialogues" and "A Book of New Lessons for the Cythern and the Gittern." In '53 Henry Lawes's "Ayres and Dialogues," "Select Musical Ayres and Dialogues," a revised edition of East's "Fantasies for Viols," and Lord Brouncker's translation of Descartes, his "Excellent Compendium of Music," were published. The following year has to its credit Playford's "Brief Introduction to the Skill of Musick," which subsequently attained some twenty editions and existed as a standard work on the subject for something like a century. In '55 Lawes's "Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues" was issued, in company with a reprint of Sympon's edition of Campion's "Art of Discant"; whilst Locke's "Little Consort," Gamble's "Ayres and Dialogues," and Child's "Choice Music" followed twelve months later. The year 1657 produced Wilson's "Psalterium Carolinum" (!) and "Motets" by Porter. Lawes's "Third Book of Ayres and Dialogues" followed in 1658. In 1659 Gamble's "Second Book of Ayres and Dialogues" and Sympon's "Division Violist" were printed and published. A truly imposing list of musical works which alone should be sufficient evidence

to prove that the years under the Puritan *régime* were, particularly from a secular point of view, anything but years of gloomy silence.

A consideration of many works in MSS.—to be found in the British Museum and elsewhere—point to the same conclusion. No purpose can be served by a recital of these numbers, but one of them—“Elizabeth Rogers, her Virginal Booke, Februarye ye 27, 1656”—is deserving of special mention, for it reflects the spirit of the times in the undeveloped “programme music” which it contains. Here are such significant sub-titles as “The Battaille,” “The Soulđiers’ Summons,” “The Martch of ffoote,” “The Martch to ye ffight,” “The Buriing of the Dead,” and “The End of the Battell,” and many others equally descriptive in treatment. While from an artistic point of view the whole work shows an undisputed falling off from the Elizabethan productions, there is clearly no falling off in interest. Singularly enough, the Masque reached its highest point of perfection during these “sad times,” and although according to Ouseley “all places of musical entertainment were forcibly closed,” the fact remains that the performance of it was general throughout the whole country. Gardiner, in his “History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate,” tells us that a masque was given at the Middle Temple in 1651, that the performance was preceded by the Hundredth Psalm, after which the younger members “began to recreate themselves with civil dancing and had melodious music.” Shirley’s masque, *Cupid and Death*, was produced in 1659, the music by Matthew Locke and Christopher Gibbons. The drama being suppressed (and rightly, for it was becoming more and more disgracefully obscene and coarse), the nearest substitute lay in the direction of the masque, and the opera which followed it. *The First Day’s Entertainment*—actually the first opera which was produced in England—was given first at Rutland House on May 28, 1656, and shortly after at Drury Lane. *The Siege of Rhodes, Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru* and *The History of Sir Francis Drake*—this last-named being “represented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane at three afternoone punctually”—followed at no far distant intervals. On May 6, 1659, Royalist John Evelyn went “to see the new opera, after the Italian way, in Recitative music and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in a time of such public consternation such a vanity should be kept up, or permitted.” Even the Royalists—apparently—condemned the “vanity,” which fact seems to have escaped the observation of historians of the period.

Evidence, clearly, completely rules out the view that “with the Commonwealth the voice of music was altogether silenced.” On the contrary, music was to be found everywhere, Sundays excepted. In

course of time, as a matter of fact, the Puritans considerably modified their views on the organ question. Thus the Rev. Paul Baynes, in his commentary on the Ephesians, when remarking that the Psalms must be used to edification, says: "This doth rebuke a common practice among us who do run forth out of churches at psalms if sung with instruments—as the organ and others, comfortable and laudable—as if they were no part of God's ordinances for our good; whereas we are expressly charged by God's spirit to praise Him both on stringed instruments and organ. If it were a comedy, men would not lose the song and instrument or dance though played on divers pipe-instruments; yet the wind of one pipe in the organ will blow out their zeal in the church and them from the church." Opposition of any kind to church music *may* be indefensible, but we should do well to remember that this attitude of the Puritans secularised music, that it drove the best of the composers to secular subjects, oftentimes with the best results. Thus we owe the Puritans inestimable thanks, not a sneer. Besides, did not the Puritan *régime* pave the way for and largely contribute to the greatness of the greatest of all English composers—Henry Purcell?

YORKE BANNARD.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA AND ITS COMPOSERS

WHAT is the secret of the success of the *Beggar's Opera*? Who could have believed that a *pasticcio* of tunes scattered through a libretto of no outstanding merit, which created a furore two hundred years ago, would bear revival? And yet the fact remains that the revived *Beggar's Opera*, produced by Mr. Nigel Playfair, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith (London), on June 7, 1920, is still going strong in its continuous third year! Miss Nellie Chaplin, in **MUSIC AND LETTERS** (July, 1922), thus writes:—"The unprecedented success of the *Beggar's Opera* is due to the old tunes, which are in our blood. Clever as Mr. Gay's libretto is, if Dr. Pepusch had written the *tunes* it would not have had the same hold on the public. We owe him a debt of gratitude. Even in the Overture, the only number he wrote, he took for his theme 'The Happy Clown,' and except a song by Purcell, a march by Handel, a snatch-song by Macheath, and Henry Carey's 'Sally in our Alley,' all is British folk-music, charmingly harmonised and orchestrated by Frederic Austin."

Now, inasmuch as Miss Chaplin's opinion is that of the average man in the street, I think it only fair to state that though "British folk-music" is largely in evidence throughout the ballad-opera, it only constitutes one-third of the actual tunes. In all, there are 69 tunes; and of these there are only 23 that can be classed as "British," while the remaining 46 are Irish, Scotch, French, Italian, etc., 25 being by known composers.

I have no intention of discussing folk-music or folk-tunes, but I make bold to remark that a tune presupposes a composer; and quite a number of "folk-melodies" can be traced to their composers. Not long since a programme of John McCormack's contained an item, "'I'm sitting on the stile, Mary'—Irish folk-melody," whereas this tune was composed by George A. Barker, of Dublin, in 1846! With a little industry many of the "British folk-tunes" could be traced and, I have no doubt, a patient delver could unearth the originals of all the airs in the *Beggar's Opera*. However, such a task, to be done adequately, would need a good-sized volume,* and my

* Since this article was at press such a needed volume has been written by Mr. Frank Kidson, published by the Cambridge University Press.

present article is merely intended to deal with the 25 tunes by known composers.

Dr. Pepusch spread his net wide for the tunes he selected and, in addition to the folk-tunes, he drew on popular airs by Handel, Frescobaldi, Bononcini, Purcell, Clarke, Eccles, Carey, Barrett, Ramondon, Mouret, Geminiani, Wilford, Leveridge, Vanbrugh and Dogget. It may be more convenient to take the airs to which composers can legitimately be assigned in the order in which they occur in the ballad-opera. As I write, I have before me the 1729 musical edition of the *Beggar's Opera*, which had successively belonged to Kane O'Hara (author of *Midas*), George Ogle (1740-1814), and Herbert Hore; and a former owner, apparently Ogle, has obligingly supplied the names of some of the sources.

Airs II., LI. and LXVI. were composed by Jeremiah Clarke, who was organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, from 1695 to his death in 1707, and was also joint organist of the Chapel Royal. Air II. ("The Bonny Grey-ey'd Morn") dates from 1695, and was introduced into *The Fond Husband* in 1698; while Air LI. ("Come, Sweet Lass"), the song of which dates from 1685 (*The Compleat Academy*), was printed by Playford, as "Greenwich Park," in 1698, in the *Dancing Master*. Both tunes, transcribed for the harpsichord, are attributed to Clarke in a MS. folio music book in the British Museum, *circa* 1704, among the Add. MSS. 22099 (see *Cat. of MS. Music in Brit. Mus.*, by A. Hughes-Hughes, Vol. III., p. 112). Air LXVI. ("Why are my Eyes still Flowing") dates from 1690, and is printed by Durfey in his *Pills* (II., 199), the attribution of the tune to Clarke is a MS. flute book of *circa* 1708 in the B. Mus. (Add. MSS. 34204). Clarke's death was due to a self-inflicted wound, supposed to have been the result of an unrequited attachment.

Air IV., "Why is your faithful Slave disdain'd?" was composed by Bononcini, the rival of Handel, and part composer of *Muzio Scervola* (1721). He was popular in London from 1720 to 1732, and then went to Paris and Venice. The music of this tune will be found in Playford's *Musical Banquet* (1688), and also in Durfey's *Pills* (III., 211).

Air V., "Of all the Simple Things we do," was probably composed by Thomas Dogget, the Irish actor, who introduced it into his musical play of *The Country Wake* in 1696. It was published in Durfey's *Pills* (I., 249) as "The Mouse Trap," but may have been an old folk-tune. Dogget was an actor-musician who flourished 1680-1710, and is best remembered as the founder of "Dogget's Coat and Badge."

Air VI., "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" was composed by Henry Purcell and was sung in *The Prophetess, or the History of Dioclesian*, in 1690. The words are said to be by Sir

Charles Hanbury Williams. Purcell's music score was published in 1691. The song will be found in Durfey's *Pills* (IV., 235), and is included as Purcell's in Kidson's *Minstrelsy of England*.

Air XI., "A Soldier and a Sailor," was composed by John Eccles for the song in Congreve's *Love for Love*, in 1696. Eccles was a good English composer and was Master of the King's Band from 1700 to 1735. The attribution of this tune to him is recorded in Add. MSS., B. Mus., 22,009, fol. 5.*

Air XV., "Pray, Fair One, be Kind," was composed by Richard Leveridge for a song sung by Wilks in the comedy of *The Recruiting Officer*, in 1706. Professor Swaen says that "if the song was actually sung in Farquhar's play it must have been an extra"; but, as a fact, it was sung in the original production and will be found in the original quarto (see William Archer's note in Farquhar's *Plays*, Mermaid Series). Leveridge was a fine bass singer as well as composer, and his "All in the Downs" and "The Roast Beef of Old England" are well known. He sang from 1694 to 1734, and died on March 22, 1758.

Air XX., "March in Rinaldo," was composed by Handel, and occurs in his opera of *Rinaldo*, which was produced on February 24, 1711, at the Haymarket. This march was for long popular and was adopted by the Grenadier Guards.

Air XXII., "Cotillon." This French dance-tune was composed by Jean Joseph Mouret, and was first danced in his *Festes de Thalie*, produced in Paris on August 14, 1714, being subsequently taken for a chorus in his *Arlequin Tractant* in 1716. The dance and tune then passed over to England and was in vogue as early as 1720. It was printed as "Tony's Rant" in 1726. Mouret died at Charenton on December 22, 1738.

Air XXVIII., "Thus when the Sea was Roaring," is a song set to a tune by Handel, and which was introduced into Gay's *What d'ye call it?* in 1715. The music was printed as "The Faithful Maid, set by Mr. Handel," in the *Musical Miscellany*, 1729 (Vol. II. 94).

Air XXX., "How Happy are we," was composed by John Barrett in 1709, and published by Walsh in 1710. It was introduced into the *Ladies' Fine Aires* as "A Song, set by Mr. Barret." This English composer was born in 1674 and died in 1735.

Air XXXI., "Of a Noble Race was Shenkin," was composed by Henry Purcell, and occurs in the *Richmond Heiress*, in 1698, as "Shenkin's Song to the Harp." The song, with music, was printed in *Thesaurus Musicus* (1698), and by Durfey (*Pills*, II., 172), who also prints a second song to the same air.

* The B. Mus. MS. gives the title as "A Souldier and a Sailor—Eccles."

Air XXXIV., "All in the Downs," was composed by Henry Carey, *circa* 1724, but was superseded by a tune of Leveridge's in 1729 (printed in the *Village Opera* in 1729). A variant of Carey's air was issued in sheet song form by Pietro Giuseppe Sandoni in 1790, a copy of which is in the British Museum (G, 305).

Air XXXVII., to which no name is given, is a tune called "Constant Billy," printed in the 3rd Vol. of the *Dancing Master*, *circa* November, 1726, and somewhat earlier as a sheet-song, entitled, "When the Hills and Lofty Mountains." The tune, according to Sir Henry Bishop (in an article on "Old English Songs" in the *Illustrated London News*, 1851), was composed by Geminiani.

Air XXXIX., "The Irish Howl," was composed by George Vanbrugh, an English composer, in 1710, and was published in the *Dancing Master*, Vol. III., in November, 1726, and in the *Merry Mountebank* in 1732—a pseudo-Irish song-tune.

Air XLI., "If Love's a Sweet Passion," was composed by Henry Purcell and occurs in his *Fairy Queen* in 1692. Curiously enough, G. Calmus failed to identify it, while Professor Swaen imagined it to be the composition of Baildon, forgetful of the fact that Baildon was not born till 1727.

Air L., "Would Fate to me Belinda give," was composed by an English actor-vocalist, John Wilford, in 1709, and was printed in 1710, being subsequently included in the *Musical Miscellany* in 1729.

Air LV., "Ianthe the Lovely," was composed by John Barrett in 1701 and was printed in Playford's *Dancing Master* in 1716. Durfey prints it in his *Pills* (V., 300) as "set by Mr. John Barret."

Air LVIII., "Happy Groves," is also the composition of John Barrett, and is an adaptation of his song, "The Pilgrim," dating from 1701. A copy of this song, with music "exactly engrav'd by T. Cross," is in the British Museum, dated 1705, with three reprints of subsequent date.

Air LIX., "Of all the Girls that are so Smart," was composed by Henry Carey in 1716. Carey also wrote the words, which, with the music, were printed in his *Musical Century* in 1740. Several ballads were written to this tune between the years 1725 and 1729. Strange to say, this once popular tune was replaced by quite another melody about the year 1789 and still continues in vogue. A pleasant recollection of the present writer is having acted as accompanist for Sims Reeves in this song some 40 years ago.

Air LX., "Britons, Strike Home," was composed by Henry Purcell and occurs in *Bonduca*, 1695. Professor Swaen says that the air is in Purcell's *King Arthur* (1691), but this is a slip. It was very

popular during the eighteenth century and was a great favourite with King George III.

Air LXIII., "Joy to great Caesar," was in part composed by Frescobaldi (1583-1644), but was popularised by Michael Farinelli, and hence was known as "Farinelli's Ground," though it had also been arranged by Lully in 1672. Durfey wrote a song entitled "The King's Health, set to Farinelli's Ground," in 1682, and the tune was printed in the *Division Violin* in 1684. In France the tune was known as "Follies d'Espagne," and was introduced into *Télémaque*.

Air LXVIII., "All you that must take a Leap in the Dark," was composed by Lewis Ramondon, a French singer who settled in London in 1705. About the year 1710 he essayed some song-tunes, which became popular, including the present one, published as a sheet-song in 1710. Durfey printed the tune as "A Hymn upon the Execution of Two Criminals, by Mr. Ramondon," in his *Pills* (VI., 927).

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

MUSINGS

LIFE is the interlude between creation and disintegration, during which man endeavours to establish permanency.

Art is therefore an expression of human yearning for permanency.

The subconscious knowledge that we are in a state of transition is the cause of that force which is eternally at work in a creative artist—that energy by which he seeks through his creative powers to obtain a foothold in the shifting sands of life, a crystallising into definite form of scenes, emotions, and thought. Without art these would be lost; we should have no heritage, no history.

In the present day we are witnessing a titanic struggle between rationalism and idealism. Let no one mistake rationalism for materialism. The latter appears to me to be the line of demarcation between the fullest possible *human* scope of things, and the dream or ideal which every being holds and which is beyond our reach. A materialist, therefore, is one who uses and enjoys to the full the *human* scope of life, yet is capable withal of having ideals; the rationalist is one whose measurements of life are stultified by theory, based solely on logic, and ending in logic.

To-day we are witnessing this struggle. Yet there is the force of creation ploughing its way through the turbulent seas of our age, irresistibly. With every fresh turn of the wheel of events, a new impression is being made on some mind. Some personality, with the powers of transmission, is storing up more and more of that force which his intellect will mould and reproduce in colour, sound, form or word.

The ideal in art is ultimate expression—that, which completing its experience in the gamut of human emotions, passes through the intellect as through a filter and is purified of all exaggerations and weaknesses while retaining the most important factors in experience and in emotion. We find in Jean Sebastien Bach the greatest example of ultimate expression, and likewise in Shakespeare. This lifts a man far beyond his fellow creatures. It enables him to speak in a language of all times for all times. This is genius. We find in other creative artists ultimate expression has only been reached in some of their works and then only in moments. In music, curiously enough, dramatic climax is quite alien and antagonistic to ultimate expression.

It would appear to belong to the category of theoretical emotions and to be adverse to human instinct and intellectual development. Many composers, as well as authors, appear to lack psychological sensitivity in their treatment of events; they accentuate and underline the mere figureheads. Death, for instance, is a figurehead round which the great drama of life is playing. Love is a figurehead round which all the impulses and emotions of humanity are weaving our destinies. It is greatly interesting to note how marvellously proportioned and treated these figureheads are in the modern school. We take, for example, *Pelléas and Mélisande*. The drama is an undercurrent, deep, vibrant—the whole work pulsates with it! Yet love, both in the text and music, has the character of something ominous and fateful which is not due to the figurehead itself, but is a force round it! There is no climax. Death becomes something so easy, so terribly ordinary and small, that in that treatment lies the secret of real drama and ultimate expression.

Another example is to be found in Stravinsky's *Petroushka*. In the death of Petroushka the whole poignancy lies in the grotesque element, and the futility of pain beating its wings feebly, stupidly almost, against that wall of fate which encircles our small lives—these are the expressions which really count—these are what the intellect takes, moulds, masters. In inferior works of art there is a lack of the intellectual grip on these things—there is only an emotional chaos on obviously ordered lines with obvious climax, as different from human expression as photography from Nature. In small works I have come across one other perfect example of ultimate expression and that is in "Oiseaux tristes," a piano piece of Ravel's of approximately the same period as his admirable string quartet. The extraordinary harmony between his idea and the actual work is so complete, the mood so intensely real, that it is a *creation*, not a composition. These must be without doubt the greatest moments that a human being can attain.

Undoubtedly, too, Chopin wrote with this fundamental understanding and almost pre-natal experience of life.

The Chinese saying that "music is the harmony between heaven, the earth, and man" is a profound truth. There are invisible threads that bind all things together. The rationalist never knows this. The creative artist is constantly aware of it; possibly, in this consciousness lies all the intoxication and despair of the unattainable! The creation of something concrete, permanent, out of the ineffable, illusive. . . .

An interesting and entirely different example is *Carmen*. It has all the compelling force of intensely human elements. How wise, then, to create a work no bigger than a man! In that we find all our own splendid

arrogance, passions, and tumultuous feelings. It can never age!
L'homme ne change que de lit, jamais de nature!

To-day, more than ever, are we impatient over those works which seem to have been created on a basis of reasoned spirituality, measured impulses, grandiloquence and what not! These are intellectually conceived works. The intellect should not create; it should mould, correct and adjudge. When it is used as a creative factor we have possibly more defects in proportion and more insincerity than when we leave it to the emotions to create. Both of these are unsatisfactory in the results they produce if they are not working in conjunction the one with the other. For this reason oratorios, especially modern ones, are a bad influence on the music of our day; intellectually conceived, emotionally blatant. The same can be said of a great deal of Gustave Mahler's works. He conceived intellectually always, and thus he gives us vast effigies of philosophy and spiritual memorials. We bow down to him as a professor, but not as a creator. He should have left his own school before becoming a part of its system. I had the presumption, therefore, to disagree on this point with the great conductor, W. Mengelberg, as to his statement that Mahler was the modern Beethoven. Mahler's ideas were more literary than musical, and in more than one instance his texts are beyond the grasp of his creative spirit. Beethoven's chamber music alone would place him beyond Mahler's reach. When comparing composers of works of such important dimensions one is bound to admit the superiority of Hector Berlioz over them all, and the significance of the fact that harmony played no part at all in his works and that he is, for the most part, gaunt and awkward in this respect. Perhaps it is the purest music for this very reason. Where a nation is of itself inclined towards more sentimentality than sentiment students would benefit by discarding the oratorio, Mendelssohn, Wagner operas, and substitute in their place with the preludes and fugues of Bach, a great deal of Berlioz, and Czerny's exercises.

IRÈNE DEAN PAUL.

SONG TRANSLATIONS

SCHUBERT.

Ungeduld.*

I. 20.

The dearest name in all the world to me
I read in meadow, flower and woodland tree.
I hear it when the aspen whispers low,
I see it written where the kingcups blow,
I spell it out where woven branches quiver . . .
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine for ever.

I'll fling a message for the wind to bear
And breathe abroad through all the list'ning air,
And every time she picks a violet
My thoughts shall leave it smelling sweeter yet;
The brook shall learn a secret word to give her . . .
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine for ever.

A starling shall be my interpreter,
And every note he sings shall tell of her;
Or primroses I'll plant to spell her name,
And harebells after, chiming out the same;
On windflowers my hopes shall hang and waver . . .
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine for ever.

Oh, no! for love will find a quicker way,
Whatever thought may think or word may say;
Her eyes will read my yet unspoken thought,
Her heart will better what my hand has wrought,
And, fancy-free, will let them woo her favour . . .
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine for ever.

CHERRY BROOK.

Mein.*

I. 28.

Brook, now hush your babbling vain,
Millwheels, stay your boist'rous din,
Piping songsters, one and all,
Great and small,
In the woods let quiet reign.
Laughing vine,
Eglantine,
Let one word rhyme every line
Sing the maiden that is mine,
is mine, is mine.

Springtide, and are these poor
flowers your best design?
Sunlight, and can you no gainer
shine?
Ah, alone then,
All alone
Sounds that happy "she is mine"
Through all this fair creation
understood by none.
CHERRY BROOK.

Der Lindenbaum.* I. 67.

A well beyond the archway,
An elm beside the well—
I've dreamed beneath its branches
More dreams than I can tell.

Of all the letters carved there
There's one I chiselled plain;
And still, when I go by it,
It calls me back again.

Last night I passed the elm tree
Before the moon could rise,
And even in the darkness
I had to close my eyes.

His leaves began to whisper,
The words came silv'ry clear—
"Turn in by me, O pilgrim,
Your peace awaits you here."

The wind got up in anger,
The storm came on in force,
The raindrops turned to hailstones—
I held upon my course.

Now many a league I've journeyed
And past is many a year,
And still I hear that whisper—
"Your peace awaits you here."

L. C.

Die Krähe.* I. 98.

Once a raven day by day
Flew along before me,
My companion on my way,
Wheeling, circling o'er me.

Raven! out upon you then,
Will you never spare me?
Will you, if I fall again,
Cruel, seize and tear me?

Soon I reach my journey's end,
Soon a sleep will round it:
To the grave be still my friend,
Come what may beyond it.

K. B. W.

Das Wirtshaus.* I. 114.

I stood beside a lychgate
That lay upon my road,
It's here I'll turn and enter,
And here put down my load.

A wreath upon the headstone,
That well may be the sign
Of hostel cool, that beckons
The dusty traveller in.

And is there in this hostel
No room that you can keep
For travellers worn and jaded,
Whose only balm is sleep?

O cruel host, and heedless,
You give me no reply,
Then forth we fare together
My trusty staff and I.

K. B. W.

Mut.* I. 116.

When your coat is full of snow
Shake it off—like pity;
When your heart is full of woe
Sing a cheerful ditty.

Whoso mourns his piteous lot,
Scorn his melancholy.
If he talks, yet mark him not;
Talking's only folly.

Flout the world and all its woe,
Face the wind and weather;
If no gods are here below
Let's be gods together.

L. C.

Aufenthalt.* I. 138.

Moor-stream in spate, stormdriven
trees,
Wind-circled tor—my home are
these.

As in the moor-stream flood follows
flood,
So are my tears, too, for ever [and
ever] renewed.

Lashed by the tempest, the trees
rock and sway,
My heart is beating as loud as they.

And deep as the metal beneath the
tor,
Grief in my heart sits fast evermore.

K. B. W.

Am Meer.* I. 162.

Far out to sea the sunset spread
Its sheet of gold unbroken;
You sat beside me and silence said
What never word could have
spoken.

The wind grew loud, and black the
skies,
The shrill gulls wheel'd and
circled,
The light of love made bright your
eyes,
The gathering teardrops sparkled.

Upon your hand I saw them fall
And lie, in silent token;
I knelt, and kissed, and tasted all
That love had left unspoken.

But since that hour my soul's in
hell,
No human power can save me,
My veins with all the poison swell
That witch incarnate gave me.

DUNINSTER CASTLE.

Der Wanderer.* I. 164.

I come from mountain summits free
To stifling plain and moaning sea;
My way I take in dull despair
And sigh, and ask—Where art thou?
Where? Where?

The sun himself shines wan and
cold,
The flowers are faded, and life is old;
Their speech is empty, like their
hands;
If I speak, no man understands.

Where art thou? Land I call my own,
My dream, my idol, yet all unknown!
The land where all my roses bloom,
The land where all my hopes have room,
The land of all the friends I prize,
Where all my dead will one day rise,
The land that speaks the words I know . . .
O land, where art thou?

My way I take in dull despair,
And sigh, and ask—Where art thou?
Where? Where?
A voice comes floating on the wind—
"There, in the old days, joy is left behind."

K. B. W.

Frühlingsglaube.* I. 104.

The spring is here and all delight,
The breeze is busy day and night,
And fills the air with laughter.
What sights are there! What sounds are those!
Poor heart, rejoice, forget your woes!
Care not for what may come hereafter!

The earth is merrier every day,
The new flowers chase the old away
And fill the world with laughter.
The loneliest valley blooms again.
Poor heart, look up, forget your pain!
Care not for what may come hereafter!

L. C.

Du bist die Ruh'.* I. 212.

Come to me now,
My spirit fill;
All passion thou
Canst raise and still.

All heights of bliss,
All deeps of pain,
Thy healing kiss
Makes whole again.

Turn in and rest
And close the door,
And be my guest
For evermore.

This heart shall know
No blind despair,
But faith shall grow
To vision there,

And this sad eye
Forget the night
When thou art by . . .
O be my light!

L. C.

Lied der Mignon.* I. 214.

He to whom grief is known,
He knows what ails me.
Forgotten and alone
My spirit fails me,
For heav'n has set its dome
Like brass above me.
Ah! he is far from home
[He] Who deigns to love me.
My heart is faint, unknown
Terror assails me,
He knows my grief, alone;
He knows what ails me.

L. C.

Geheimes.* I. 232.

All who mark my lady's glances
Wonder what they may betoken;
I, I only, know the secret
That to me alone was spoken.

For they answer—"Here my choice is,
Chance not fixed nor change can sunder."
Be content, then, all good people,
Leave your musing, leave your wonder.

Far beyond the reach of others
Are the glances of this glancer;
For, when love has framed the question,
Only love can find the answer.

K. B. W.

Wehmuth.* II. 15.

When through the woods and fields I go,
A thought of mingled weal and woe
My restless spirit moves,
Of weal and woe, wheras I see
The meads in all their bravery,
The lovely vernal groves.

For what the wind aways, sounding on,
What rears itself against the sun,
And even man, whose quick delight
Shares all the loveliness in sight—
All passes and is gone.

A. S.

Du liebst mich nicht.* II. 120.

I know it, I know it,
You love me not;
The bond is broken—
You love me not.

In vain my wooing:
The love I bore
Was my undoing . . .
You love me no more.

Those eyes betrayed it—
Your inmost thought;
Those lips have spoken—
You love me not.

What to me the stars, then,
And what the moon,
Or the sun himself, when
Your love is gone?

The jasmine is faded,
The rose is forgot;
They are not love's token
When you love not.

F. S.

BRAHMS

Anklänge.*

7. 3.

A wood upon the hillside,
A cottage in the wood,
No voice to break the silence,
No foot to tread the road.

A maid looks out of window
To watch the sun go down;
She spins with restless fingers
Her silken wedding gown.

L. C.

All we dream of or remember
Of the days when we were young,
Comes again with sweet assurance
In the whisper of a fairy tongue.

Once again we thrill responsive
To the sights and sounds of home,
Once more feel those arms around us
We so far have wandered from.

After pangs of bitter parting,
We can half believe we rest
Once more, cradled on the pillow
Of a well-beloved breast.

There we lie, and on our eyelids
Peace comes dropping from above,
Bringing back with it a blessing
From the land of those we love.

R.

Nicht mehr zu dir zu geben.* 32. 2.

I'd go no more to see you,
I promised and insisted;
Yet not one single evening
Could human will or human
strength resist it.

I can but die without you,
And die, [if so be], without
misgiving.
Yet I could live on, if you
Would have it so, and welcome
living.

Your lips shall tell me truly,
For they alone can tell it—
My life, my death, it may be;
But what they tell, your very
heart shall seal it.

R.

Abenddämmerung.* 49. 5.

Ever welcome hour of twilight,
Sweetest comfort of them all,
Stilling pain and soothing sorrow,
Bidding those arise that fall.

Through the tender lights of evening,
On the breezes drunk with dew,
Hover visions that the garish
Day put by and never knew.

Vol. III.

Blinde Kuh.* 58. 1.

I hunt in every corner;
Oh dear, where can she be?
And how am I to find you
Now you have blinded me?

I hunt in every corner;
Oh dear, she can't be found!
How ever can you make me
Go wand'ring round and round?

If you were blind, if you couldn't
see—!
Come to me, darling, come back to
me,
[Come back, come back].

R.

H

Schwermuth.* 58. 2.

Alas! my grief is deep,
And when I think on all my sorrow
I weep.
I'll not contend,
But make an end,
And pass from sight
Into that night
That knows no morrow.

F. S.

Dämmernd liegt.* 85. 1.

Daylight dies, the evening shadow
Lengthens all along the valley,
And the moon looks down from
heaven,
Bringing peace to wood and
meadow.

Now the bittern in the sedges
Calls his mate across the river,
And a breathing and a plashing
Sounds along the shelving ledges,

Where, alone, a woodland daughter
At the river bend is bathing;
Arm and shoulder flash, reflected
By the moonlight in the water.

R.

Klage.* 69. 1.

All is done, done and gone,
Happy hours all are sped;
All is done, done and gone,
All my joy is fled.
Gone as the water flows,
Gone like the summer rose;
All is done, done and gone,
Happy hours are sped.

No man will ever till
With no plough and no yoke,
No man will ever till
When the wheel's broke.
Love is a thing like this—
Only a memory;
Ah, what a mockery
Is love without a kiss!

R.

Meerfahrt.* 96. 4.

My darling, alone together
We sat with so much to say;
The stars looked down as we drifted
Along the waterway.

The fairy isle in the moonlight
Lay still as we drifted along;
We watched the fairy dances,
And heard the fairy song.

The song rose high, and higher
The dancing and revelry;
But we, we drifted past it
Down to a barren sea.

R.



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